

WILLIAM BOOTH, FOUNDER

EDWARD J. HIGGINS, GENERAL

The WAR CRY



INTERNATIONAL HEADQUARTERS.
101 QUEEN VICTORIA ST.
LONDON, E.C.

OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF

CHRIST FOR THE WORLD.

SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA EAST

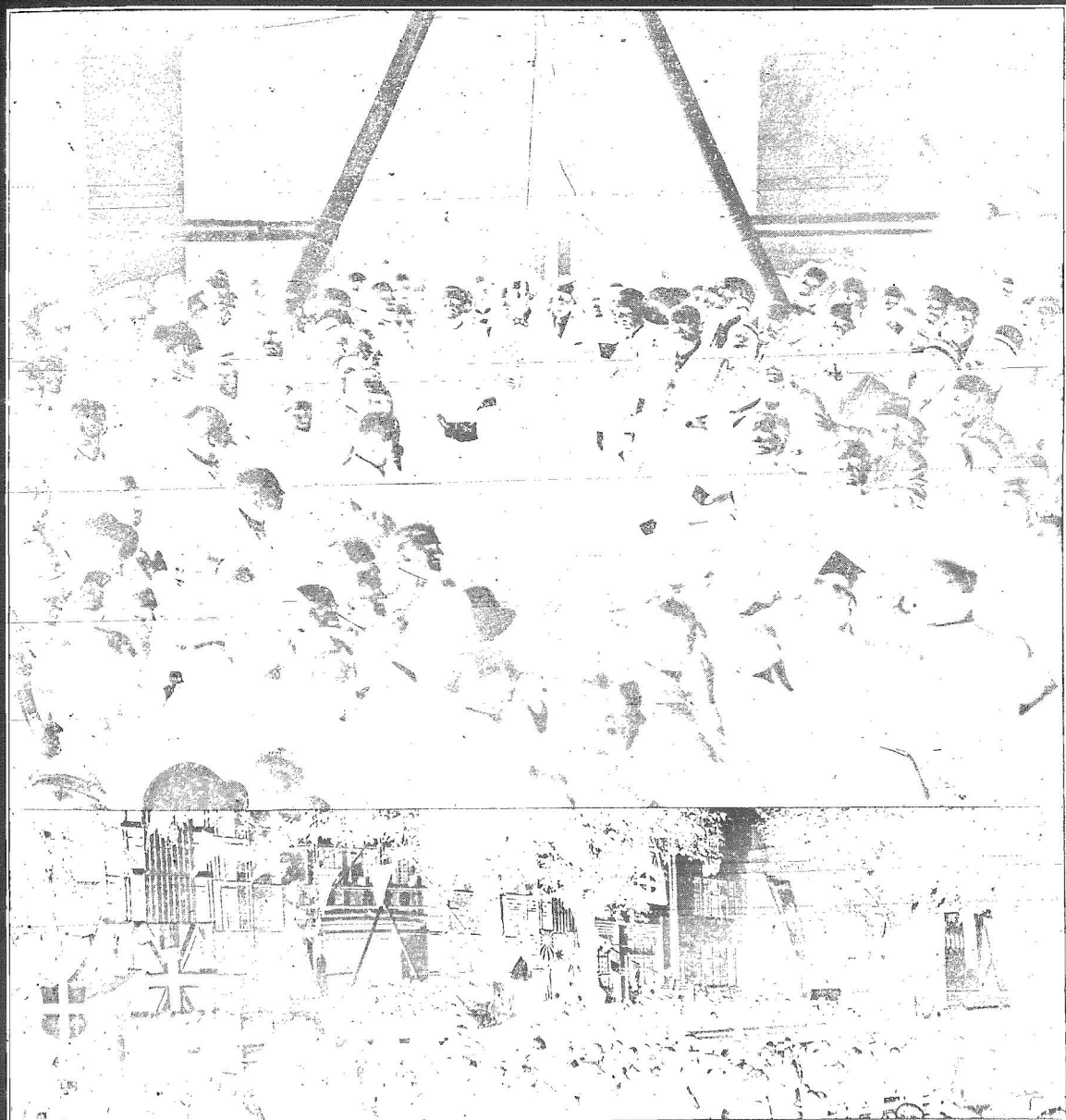
NEWFOUNDLAND

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WILLIAM MAXWELL, Commissioner.



HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE GEORGE OPENS THE WILLIAM BOOTH MEMORIAL TRAINING COLLEGE IN LONDON
The upper picture shows the Prince, by whose side is the General, pulling the cord at the unveiling of the Memorials of the Founder and The Army Mother. These statues are seen in the lower picture, which also gives a general view outside the College during the celebrations

Daily Manna



Bible Readings for the Quiet Hour

Sunday, Aug. 4th, 1 Samuel 12:16-25.
"I will teach you the good and the right way." God has indeed made use of Hannah's precious gift, for through the whole of his long life Samuel was the friend and helper of his people. If you have no good mother to consecrate you, give yourself to God, who still needs "Samuels" on earth.

Monday, Aug. 5th, Matt. 15: 1-14
"Every plant which my Heavenly Father hath not planted shall be rooted up." Regulations, ceremonies, customs about eating or drinking will be rooted up unless they are the result of seed planted by God. But refusing drink because it makes a brother stumble, keeping a regulation because it helps to win a soul to Christ; maintaining order in meetings so that worship may be seemly, and other such things will bear rich fruit if they are the outcome of seed sown in the human heart by God.

Tuesday, Aug. 6th, Matt. 15:15-28
"Her daughter was made whole." This was the first time a woman of another nationality had appealed to Jesus for help. Was this an occasion when He was tempted to yield to pride and bias, without helping, one of a race all Jews despised? If this was a temptation, how triumphantly Jesus conquered it.

Wednesday, Aug. 7th, Matt. 15:29-39
"And Jesus went up into a mountain and sat down there." Great multitudes came unto Him having with them lame, blind, dumb, maimed, and many others. . . . He healed them all. What a picture of many of the Salvationists. They know where and how to get into touch with Jesus and to lead the same needy crowds to His feet. All over the world to-day thousands are being healed of sin's disease, so that they are able to begin to glorify God. May we all be among those who lead the needy to His feet.

Thursday, Aug. 8th, Matt. 16:1-12
"Take heed and beware of the leaven of the Pharisees." We all know what leaven is; the hundredth part of the substance of which bread is made and yet so insidious in its working that it permeates the whole batch of bread. In just that same way, what may appear as only little evils are present in the circumstance around our lives and will permeate through our characters if we do not watch. This command about "taking heed" of such leaven, is as necessary to-day as when it was given to the disciples.

Friday, Aug. 9th, Matt. 16:13-28
The Saviour and Peter. Many are puzzled by the Saviour's words to Peter. But, if you read carefully, you will see that the "rock" on which Christ said He would build His Church was not Peter, whose name means a stone, but upon the great truth which God had just revealed to him. Then the Saviour gave to Peter that power which afterwards He gave to all His disciples.

Saturday, Aug. 10th, Matt. 17:1-18
"His raiment was white as the light." Sometimes Salvationists get tired of their dark uniforms and the separateness of them. This is the only occasion when we read that Jesus put off His robes of humanity, yet how often He must have yearned for the purity and beauty of the Heavenly robes He gave to save the world!

"The Bible is like an Armory"

The late Commissioner Booth-Tucker Speaks about the Bible as a Life Companion

THERE are two points where the Devil never fails to attack the man of God—his Bible and his knees. The two are inseparably connected. To us in The Salvation Army the Bible is indeed God's Book. We accept it without any "buts" and "ifs." We regard it as being the revelation of God's will to man.

Next to getting us to neglect prayer, the Devil is most anxious to get us to neglect the Bible, or to read it in such a loose slipshod, careless fashion that it will cease to bless and help us.

The commands to read and study the Bible are very strict and clear, particularly so in the case of those who should be appointed to govern and guide God's people. Turn to Deuteronomy 17: 18-20. Here you will see the ruler of God's people is commanded to write out a special copy for his own use, and to "read therein all the days of his life, that he may learn to fear the Lord his God, to keep all the words of this law, . . . to do them; that his heart be not lifted up above his brethren, and that he turn not aside from the commandment."

Equally emphatic is Deuteronomy 6: 6-9, which follows the beautiful verse quoted by Christ as being the summary of the Law and the Prophets, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thine heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy might." And then comes the command, "These words which I command thee this day shall be in thine heart; and thou shalt teach them diligently to thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up. And thou shalt bind them for a sign upon thine hand, and they shall be as frontlets between thine eyes, and thou shalt write them upon the posts of thy house and on thy gates."

Much Bible reading, it is to be feared, is of a haphazard character, which does not bring much blessing. This is a pity. The Bible is like an armory, full of weapons, with which we can fight and overcome our spiritual enemies. It is like a storehouse full of ammunition. It is a powder magazine. It is a commissariat depot, where we can get a full supply of the best of rations, not merely for ourselves, but for our troops.

It is a good plan to have one

WHAT MUST I DO TO BE SAVED?

No matter what other knowledge you may have, you must know yourself to be a sinner, or you will not be likely to seek Salvation. The realization that you have sinned, and that unless you find favor with God you must be lost, will help you to a proper appreciation of the value of Christ's coming into the world and dying upon the Cross as a remedy for sin.

To benefit by His death you must repent and turn from your sins and ask God for Christ's sake to forgive you for the sins you have committed in the future. If you do this with your whole heart, and exercise faith in Him, He will save your soul and give you the witness of the Spirit that you are born again.

special Bible as a Life Companion for working and daily use. If possible, this should be on paper which will stand marking with an ordinary pen without showing through or defacing the text. Nowadays it is not easy to get such a Bible. The paper used is usually very thin, and will not stand much marking. It is rather a bad sign in regard to Bible reading that they tell me there is no demand for such. Let us create a demand. It is a great mistake to have a Bible which you cannot mark, or to pick up and use different Bibles without marking, or to lay aside a well-marked Bible in favor of a new one without marks! It is like throwing over an old friend for a new one.

I speak from experience. I have a Bible which bears date March 22, 1875, which has been my constant companion for the last forty-four and

a half years. Every verse of importance is underlined, and special verses starred in the margin as well. It goes with me on all my journeys, although it is a little bulky. This is more than compensated by the marks not showing through. It has been three times rebound—1881, 1885, and 1886. The last binding was made specially strong, but will probably soon require to be renewed, as it shows decided signs of wear.

It has got the dates on the top of each page. These are now very often dropped in modern Bibles. But it is very convenient and helpful to have them on each page. This fixes in your mind the principal events of the 4,000 years before Christ (B.C.), and of the 100 years after Christ (A.D.). The Bible is the most wonderful history book in the world. For instance, in reading the writings of the Prophets it is well to know in what period they lived, and what other Prophets lived in their days or just

before them and after them, and what were the principal events.

For regular daily Bible reading, it is a good plan to take every day at least one full chapter out of both the Old and New Testament. The change from one to the other helps the mind to work. Skim through genealogies and unimportant chapters. They were not intended for daily reading.

Always have a note book handy to jot down seed thoughts. It may not be possible to develop them at the time, but they furnish valuable material for future subject notes. The note-book catches the thought before it slips out of your mind. Never trust to memory for this, but put it down just as it occurs.

A Concordance is also very helpful for looking up similar passages elsewhere. This need not be attached to your Bible. Cheap and compact concordances can easily be obtained, and this has the advantage that you can keep the place where you are reading. It unnecessarily increases the bulk of the Bible to have it attached, especially if the paper is markable and for that reason, somewhat thick.

To commit to memory important passages and chapters is also extremely helpful. I prefer this to isolated verses. For instance, the Sermon on the Mount (Matthew, chapters 5-7), and the last words of Jesus to the Disciples (John, chapters 14-17), and Christ's Epistles to the Seven Churches (Revelation, chapters 1-3), all contain word for word the actual commands and advice of Christ. They are meat and drink for the soul, and full of heart-searching truths. Other passages well worth learning by heart are—

Psalms 1, 23, 51, and 103.
Isaiah 1, 53, and 55.
Joel 2: verses 11-18 and 28-32.
Malachi 3: verses 1-4 and 16-18, and chapter 4.

Romans 8 and 12.
Ephesians 6: 10-20.

It need not be made a great labor. I have found it a good plan to keep a list of all the passages I learn, and to go over them at least once a month, to avoid forgetting them, and have followed this practice for years, so that, though my memory is naturally defective, I have now about forty chapters committed to memory, besides other isolated passages.

Above all, one must read the Bible prayerfully, asking for the Holy Ghost to interpret its teachings to our hearts and to help us to carry them out in our lives. When His light falls upon its pages, they are illuminated.



Caught on the Wing by Day

The Thing that Counts

HERE is another one of those street-car episodes which I have found so interesting and helpful. I was on my way to a meeting this time, and across the car from where I sat, a lad in his early 'teens was telling a grown man about the difficulty he had found in reaching some place at a given time. The car was making such a noise that I only heard a word here and there, just enough to give me an idea of the story. Then the car stopped at a crossing, and the last words came across clear and distinct. The man asked, "Weren't you very tired?" And back came the ringing answer, "Of course, I was tired, but I got there in time."

I felt like giving that lad a pat on the back, and saying, "That's the spirit." Of course he was tired; hadn't he hurried and run and sweated and panted for breath? Hadn't his heart thumped, and his head throbbed, and his muscles ached, and his feet felt like lead? But what of all that when he "got there in time"? It is not the price you pay, or the toll you put in that counts, it is the fact that you reach your objective. What matters is not that you "were tired," but that you "were in time."

Nothing worth while has ever been accomplished for God or men without someone paying the price in toll or pain or sacrifice, but the cost is forgotten in the joy of achievement. Could the martyrs of old return to earth to-day they would not regret their sufferings in remembering that "the blood of the

martyrs was the seed of the church." Our Saviour faced Gethsemane and Calvary with unshrinking courage because He knew that, through His death, multitudes of sinful men would find life.

This will be the last of this series of articles; let me close it with a story which has stirred my heart many times; may it help some reader to form a true estimate of the things that really count. A little shepherd lad lay dying in an Alpine hospital; a kindly doctor stood by the bed and heard the story of devotion to duty which brought on the boy's illness.

A sudden storm had found the little flock unsheltered. The young shepherd had hurried his charge into the fold, only to find that one lamb was missing. He had gone out in the snow and cold to find the missing lamb, and the exposure brought him to his death. With shortening breath but glowing eyes, the lad finished, "It's all right, now; they tell me I'm dying, but oh, doctor, I found my lamb, I found my lamb."

Comrades, when you and I come to the Great Accounting, our crown of rejoicing will be simply that "I found my lamb"; "Of course I was tired, but I got there in time"; "I died, but I found my lamb."



Send It To The Salvage Depot

A Queer Collection of Articles may be found at the Industrial Plant; but through Waste Material The Army is Helping Many

WHEN MADAM HOUSEWIFE phones for The Army man to come and collect an accumulation of cast-off material, she does so because of a conviction. It is not at all incongruous to associate convictions with salvage! Most actions are born of convictions, either right or wrong. We believe Madam Housewife's conviction to be right! She feels that by giving something to The Army she is in some way helping another human being who happens to be less fortunate than herself. Certainly she is right!

"We sincerely hope that these things will bring happiness to

Surely no other motive than this could have engendered the action of the householder who sent a flat tombstone to The Salvation Army.

A spinning-wheel that would have caused the eyes of an antique dealer to pop with admiration, was sent in the other day—by mistake. It had fallen before the house-cleaning efforts of some zealous maid. Why clutter the home with such obsolete contraptions? But the mistress thought differently. Fortunately the spinning-wheel was still in the yard and was sent hurriedly to the home in response to an urgent phone call.

Speaking of antiques, a 120-year-old clock was received some time ago and in spite of its age, its merry tick-tock sounded quite hale and hearty, prophesying another lengthy period of usefulness.

A survey of The Army's Industrial plant in Toronto, which is on Augusta Street, pending the completion of the new plant on Richmond Street, is an eye-opener.

A most heterogeneous assembly of odds and ends waiting disposal is revealed, ranging all the way from false teeth to motor cars. Needless to say the former are worthless, but the cars, if they evince the least symptom of life can usually be resuscitated by the staff of mechanics employed at the plant.



The old wrecks, if they evince the least symptom of life, can usually be resuscitated

someone," writes a thoughtful donor. "Our very best wishes to The Salvation Army—glad to assist in its good work." Evidently the writer was Madam Housewife's husband, for he appends a little personal reflection that reveals his masculine identity. This little recollection has stuck in his mind for twelve years—

S.O.S. Calls Received at the Salvage Depot

"Hallo! Is this The Army? Well, this is Jim McGuff. Your man is here for paper and he hasn't bags enough."
 "Hallo! Is that you, Fogarty? My horse has lost a shoe. I'm up at City limits; now what am I to do?"
 "Hallo there! You Salvation? I'm going out of town; I want to clear my cellar out, so send your wagon down."
 "Hallo! I'm Post, the feed man; ain't you wantin' any hay?"
 "I've just got in a carload and can send it right away."
 "Hallo! I'm Headquarters. Send

promptly without fail, Two carpenters with all their tools—we want to drive a nail."
 "Hallo! Now why in thunder can't you people use old brick?"
 "You can't! Well, send no more to me, you make me tired and sick."
 "Hallo! I'm Mrs. Goodheart. I've two lovely pussy cats
 To give to your man, so send at once; they're great on mice and rats."
 And thus it goes the livelong day, at eve our girl rejoices
 That there's at least a night's respite from telephonic voices.

"The Army gave me a cup of coffee without charge in France!" What is that verse about casting one's bread upon the waters?
 There are some kind-hearted folk who utilize The Army's salvage yards as a sort of final burial place for awkward unuseables which clutter the backyards or fill the garrets.

In the furniture department a bevy of carpenters and painters are constantly kept busy. Beds, bureaus, side-boards, buffets—all are touched by the magic hand. Every imaginable species of chair is represented—armchairs, rocking chairs, baby chairs, kitchen chairs! A nail or two and a few daubs of paint and

—presto! "they ain't the chairs they used to be." After the miraculous rejuvenation the furniture is sent to one of the nine Toronto Industrial stores, and sold cheaply to home-makers.

"Why charge at all, when everything is given?" do we hear you say. Well, there are a number of reasons. You may well imagine the rush to our stores that would ensue if the charge was removed. And nine times out of ten the needy folk would be the very ones to miss the bargains! A small charge is a necessary precautionary measure against the indiscriminate distribution of this form of charity. Then, again, one must consider the overhead expenses—the wages which have to be paid to employees, many of whom are being tidied over a period of unemployment the upkeep of the plant and the cost of repairs.

That the Industrial stores serve a very real need is evidenced by the following letter selected from a large number of similar notes of appreciation: "I do not know what I should have done without The Army's store," writes this mother, who signs herself, "A Working Woman." "I must thank you for your kindness to my daughter and myself last Saturday, in helping us to furnish our little home. Your charges were very reasonable indeed. My husband has been out of work for weeks and it simply eats up our savings. Thank you again for your kindness."

The waste paper department is a most interesting feature of the salvage work. Who would have thought a few decades ago, that waste paper would some day be pressed into the service of moral reform, or help in some measure to solve the unemployment evil? Yet that is what it is doing under The Army's jurisdiction. Every day tons of paper are brought to the central depot by our trucks, of which there are nineteen in operation in Toronto alone. Fifteen or twenty men are required for the sorting process and a number of others work on the gigantic baling machines, which turn out bundles of paper a ton or more in weight. This department presents a scene of animated activity, and it has assisted many a discouraged man to successfully negotiate the out-of-work stile.

Whilst there is no official mail-



An old spinning-wheel was handed over by the maid—by mistake

order service associated with the Industrial branch of Army social operations, yet time and time again bundles of clothing have been despatched to far-away homes, in response to urgent written requests. We quote in part a letter of thanks received from a woman in Pickering Lake, Ontario, to whom a large supply of wearing apparel was sent some time ago:

"I received the parcel you so very kindly sent us. The articles were useful and nice and warm. You cannot imagine how grateful I am for them, as I have a family of ten boys and girls. I was just wondering what I was going to do when I got your parcel. I am sure that God will bless you for it."

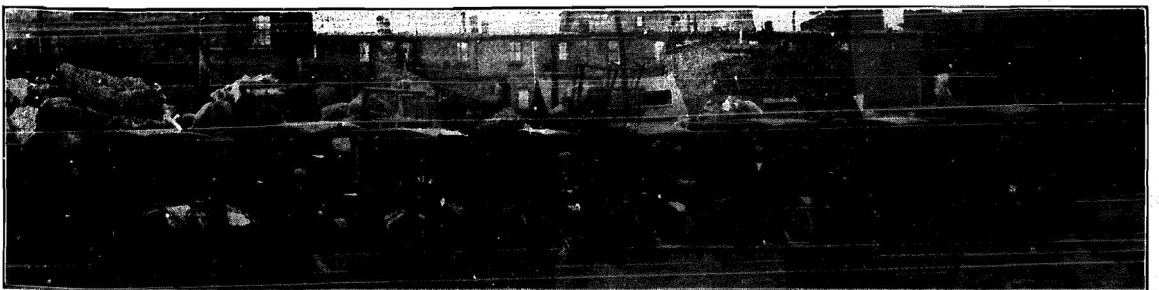
Now, Madam Housewife, we hope



In the furniture shop the workmen are constantly kept busy

your conviction with regard to the proper disposal of cast-off goods has been confirmed and strengthened by the perusal of this account. Thank you for your help! And, Madam Housewife No. 2, who has hitherto been rather dubious about this matter, just close this "War Cry" for a moment or so, and think of what you have read. Are you not convinced that even that which you term "waste" can, if given to The Army, be transformed into a means of service?

Then let the household slogan be, "Send it to The Army."



A part of the fleet of trucks attached to the Toronto Industrial Department, just back from one of their daily salvage-collecting trips

GUELPH BAND AT BRANTFORD

During the week-end of July 13th and 14th, Brantford Corps was privileged to have present the Guelph Band. Upon arrival at the Citadel, the visitors were met by the Brantford Band at a repast prepared by Sisters of the Corps, and words of welcome voiced by Adjutant Mrs. Kettle, Bandmaster Noakes, and Band-Sergeant Brown, of Brantford, Bandmaster Heron, of Guelph, responding.

Both Bands united for the Open-air service on the Market Square. A short march around the streets preceded a splendid program given to a large audience in the Citadel. Alderman Ansell made a most efficient chairman, and welcomed the visiting Band to the city. The various items were all well received.

Sunday was a full day. Separate Open-air were held by each Band. Commandant White was with us for the services, and his talks were full of help and blessing. The Brantford Songsters also rendered valuable service throughout. The Salvation meeting was well attended in spite of the excessive heat and although we saw no visible results, we feel sure some good was accomplished.

At the close of the day both Bands again united for a final Open-air.

Bandmaster Heron is to be congratulated on the playing of his Band. Brantford will return the visit of the Guelph comrades in the near future.—H.J.M.

The Evangeline Hospital Wins High Praise

"The Hospital and the whole Standard of Service and Accommodation appeared to be of the very Highest Order," says the New Brunswick Child Welfare Survey

THE report of the New Brunswick Child Welfare Survey, which has been making a survey of institutions where child welfare work is carried on, contains high praise of The Army's Evangeline Maternity Hospital in St. John. We cannot do better than quote the report, so far as it applies to The Army's Hospital, in full:

"As the title suggests, the Evangeline Hospital is primarily a maternity hospital to which is attached the 'Evangeline Maternity Hospital and Home' for the care of unmarried mothers and their babies. Babies in need of special care are also admitted to this Home. It is in these latter phases of service that the Survey was interested.

"At the time of the Survey there were 14 babies in care, varying from infancy to two years. Of these, 12 were born out of wedlock and two were special care cases. In only three cases was maintenance received, one of which was partial only. In the last year 29 children were placed in orphanages or other institutions; one was adopted. In no

instance was any assistance received from the father. The mothers are required to remain in the Home for a minimum period before and after the birth of the child and to nurse the child until it has been given a 'fighting chance.' The girls help in the work of the institution and in the care of their own and other babies.

"The Home is most attractive, the girls' and babies' dormitories being light, airy, prettily furnished and not overcrowded. Heating services are operated in conjunction with the hospital and the whole standard of service and accommodation appeared to be of the very highest order.

"The statistics of the Evangeline Home reveal the same situation as exists throughout the social problems in the city of Saint John. There is no field service offering any social work with the child in the family background or in the child's adjustment into the community. The Evangeline Home is excellently equipped to provide custodial care of a high order for the mother and her baby.

It cannot, nor should it be expected, to provide case work with the girl, her background, or the possibilities of obtaining resources from the father or within her own family group, whereby her and the baby's adjustment to community life can be most adequately and satisfactorily made.

Nor should the Home be expected to retain and care for these babies separately from their mothers after they have gone. A well-functioning child protection agency should be working with the Home all the time that the mother is in care, and in co-operation with the family welfare agencies, should be in a position to offer some well co-ordinated plan for the child's care, either with the mother or elsewhere when she leaves the Home.

"Should the family welfare and the children's aid work of the city be organized as the Survey urges and contemplates, the Evangeline Home should be relieved of some purely child protection problems which it is now carrying. In such a re-organization, Adjutant Sibbick, who is largely responsible for the Home's present, fine standards, would be found a most co-operative and helpful force."

The same report, in referring to problems in the institutional care of children, and in making criticisms of the accommodation in certain other institutions, speaks of "the beautiful and immaculately arranged living quarters of the unmarried mothers and their babies in the Evangeline Home."

This well-merited praise of the Evangeline Hospital reflects every credit upon the Women's Social Officers, and should prove of much encouragement to them in their devoted and self-sacrificing ministries of mercy.

hospital in my early Officer years."

We offer the Adjutant heartiest congratulations upon her promotion to her new office.

COMRADES IN THE FIGHT

Captain David Allen and Captain Mary Bell Join Hands

The Aurora Citadel was nicely decorated on June 20th when Brigadier Burton conducted the marriage ceremony of Captain Mary Bell and Captain David Allen. The Hall was filled to capacity when the bridal party entered. Lieutenant P. Johnson supported the bridegroom, while Sister Mrs. Anderson prayed God's blessing at the commencement of the service. Mrs. Brigadier Burton and Commandant Cockrill spoke words of advice and appreciation. A solo was rendered



Captain and Mrs. David Allen

ed by Lieutenant McDowell, who had been stationed with the bride for the past year. The re-organized Band rendered excellent service. A good number enjoyed the reception which was arranged by the Home League. The happy couple entered the work from Aurora in 1923 and have now been appointed to Wingham Corps. God bless our comrades!

UNITED FOR SERVICE

The first Army wedding ever to be conducted at Oxford took place on June 24th, when Brigadier Robert Tilley married Sister Edna Miers and Brother Floyd Moore. The bride was supported by Lieutenant A'Brick, of Kemptville, while Captain Arnold Hicks, the Corps Officer, supported the groom. The wedding party entered the Citadel to the strains of the wedding march. During the service, Adjutant Stevens, of St. John III, prayed God's blessing upon our comrades. The Citadel was crowded to capacity and many were unable to gain admittance.

Lieutenant O'Brien spoke on behalf of the bride and Captain Hicks spoke on behalf of the groom. The Captain voiced the feelings of the comrades and friends when he said, "We wish them a very happy future in the service of God." Adjutant Stevens rendered a very appropriate solo.

The reception was held in the Citadel directly after the ceremony, when all had an opportunity to express their good wishes to the newly-married couple, who have done splendidly as single comrades. Now that they are united we are believing for greater efforts for God and The Army. An interesting feature of this wedding was that it was the first time our comrades ever wore uniform.

"TILL DEATH US DO PART"

The wedding of Sister Kathleen Jones and Bandman Stanley Dale took place recently at the West Toronto Citadel, Commandant Galway officiating. The bride was supported by Ensign Adby, and the groom by Captain Lorimer. Mrs. G. Hales, sister of the bride, sang a suitable solo. The Band and Songsters also rendered appropriate selections.

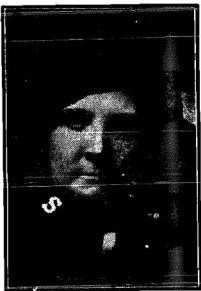
A reception was held in the Young People's Hall, where Field-Sergeant Higon, Ensign Adby and Captain Lorimer voiced the sentiments of our comrades' many friends in wishing them God's blessing on their union.—B. H.

Newly-Appointed Hospital Superintendents

Adjutant Maud Brett

Adjutant Minnie Robinson

ADJUTANT MAUD BRETT, who was recently appointed to be Superintendent of the Grace Hospital, Ottawa, is a native of London, England. Strange to say, though



Adjutant Maud Brett

her early years were spent in the international hub of The Army, she never once came into contact with the movement.

In 1916, the Adjutant came to Canada, and here almost immediately she came in touch with The Salvation Army.

The date October 3rd, 1916, stands out most vividly in our comrade's mind, for then it was that she experienced the miraculous passing from death unto life. She was converted in the Hamilton II Corps, and a year from the time of her conversion found her in the Training Garrison.

The Adjutant's training period as a nurse was spent in the Women's Hospital in Toronto. From there she was appointed to the Halifax Hospital and then to the Ottawa Hospital and Rescue Home, where, prior to her recent promotion, she served for a number of years as assistant Superintendent.

May God richly bless the Adjutant's service with our Sisters of the ministering hands.

TO HAVE SPENT practically all of her Officer-career in one appointment is the unique distinction claimed by Adjutant Minnie Robinson, who recently was made Superintendent of the Women's Hospital, Toronto.

The Adjutant was appointed to this institution from the Training Garrison in 1916, and with the exception of a short period of service spent in St. John, N.B., and another in Sydney, N.S., has been stationed there since that time.



Adjutant Minnie Robinson

It is not to be wondered at that the Adjutant is a staunch Salvationist at heart; she has been associated with The Army from childhood, and spent many happy years in the Holloway I Corps in the Old Land. In 1913 she came to Canada and settled in Regina. The spirit of The Army still remained with her, and two years later saw her in the Toronto Training Garrison.

The Adjutant vividly recalls her early days as an Officer, and pays eloquent tribute to her Officer-comrades who encouraged and helped her in every way. "To a very large extent," she says, "I owe what I am to-day to the encouragement and patience and kindness of those senior Officers who were stationed at the

Brilliant and Historic Army Events in London

THE GENERAL LEADS STIRRING FINALE TO FOUNDERS' CENTENARY YEAR CELEBRATIONS

35,000 Salvationists Assemble at the Crystal Palace to Give Praise and Thanksgiving for The Army's Sixty-Four Victorious Years

A YEAR of Celebrations, known as the Centenary Call Campaign, instituted to mark the hundredth anniversary of the birth of William Booth, Founder of The Salvation Army, closed with a week-end of big events. On Saturday there was a great "Field Day," such as the Founder often held with conspicuous success.

Tens of thousands of Salvationists gathered from large and small Corps, situated as near as a short walk from the Palace and as distant as Cornwall, the Welsh Valleys, and North Scotland and Ireland, with delegates from Continental countries and representative Officers stationed in India, Africa, China, South America, Dutch East Indies, and Japan. The General, who was most affectionately received, was in command.

For twelve hours imposing pageantry and joyous music held the attention and inspired the heart, and signs of the blessing of God upon the effort were seen in the unqualified success of every item.

A Great Centenary Thanksgiving was chief of the opening events: The floor of the Centre Transept and some of the Galleries were crowded by eleven o'clock, and the shout, "Here they come!" announced the arrival of the Centenary Procession.

The Bands crashed massive chords. Salvationists in all costumes and of many lands filed past the Centenary Guard into place on the steep Orchestra, cheers and fluttering song sheets expressed the enthusiasm of the gathering.

For the General there had been a thunderous, affectionate demonstration as, with Mrs. Higgins and the Chief of the Staff and Mrs. Mapp, he smilingly saluted the congregation before the opening song and when he rose to begin his Centenary Address his evident uneasiness under such a fire of applause, but increased its volume.

He had two words to offer to The Army on the William Booth Centenary Day—

Ebenezer! Hitherto the Lord hath helped us! Thanks to God for the Founder's ideals of service, for his consecration, for his love of the poor, for his faithfulness to the standards of religion that he set up, for the missionary zeal of The Army, for the men of the past whose names had been borne by maidens in white, bearing palms.

"I could not breathe a word about them," he said, "without making special mention of one of whom we all think to-day. General Bramwell Booth's part in building The Army will never be estimated by men. I thank God for him to-day!"

Speaking words of tender sympathy with Mrs. Booth and her family and proving amid tumultuous applause a message to His Majesty the King, the General passed to his second word.

Excelsior! Better things ahead! "If the Founder and the late General could step on to this platform this morning they would both say, 'Very nice, but where's the Flag? Fall in! Onward march!'"

"So let us sacrifice and toil that The Army may march on!"

Throughout the day a continuous round of demonstrations and meetings were in progress. Among these were "A Celtic Hour," when Welsh, Irish and Scottish comrades spent a happy time together, "A Men's Social Demonstration," "A Missionary Demonstration," conducted by Commissioner

Blowers and Officers from all parts of the world, and "A Battle of Song," in the afternoon, in which 2,000 Songsters took part.

A "Salvation Tent" was pitched in one part of the extensive grounds, while the Naval and Military Leaguers held a "bombardment" all on their own in the North Tower Gardens.

All through the day a ring of harmony was made around the Palace, Bands from all parts of the Territory occupying the various Bandstands.

The March Past, in which the General and Mrs. Higgins, supported by the Chief of the Staff and the International Commissioners, took the salute, was of record length. The enthusiasm and affection for the General manifested constantly throughout the day was most marked.

The concluding event, a Mammoth Musical Festival, has probably never been quite equalled in the history of the Palace. Officials declare no such mighty crowd has before been seen in the Central Transept and adjoining naves. It is estimated twenty-seven thousand were present at the Festival. The Orchestra consisted of over 5,000 Bandmen and Songsters. The playing of Handel's sublime "Hallelujah Chorus" by the massed Bands was an

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HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE GEORGE Opens the William Booth Memorial Training College Amid Enthusiastic Scenes

SIXTEEN momentous years — years of loving effort to express in a permanent memorial the people's regard for The Army Founder—were joyfully crowned on Monday afternoon last, when His Royal Highness Prince George, opened the William Booth Memorial Training College, Denmark Hill, London, S.E.

The Prince found the roadway lined with cheering crowds and a Guard of Honor of Life-Saving Scouts and Guards marking the way to the front steps of the building. Here the General and Mrs. Higgins, the Chief of the Staff and Mrs. Mapp, Sir Giles Gilbert Scott (the Memorial architect), Lady Scott, the Mayor and Mayoress of Camberwell, and Officers and distinguished friends, were gathered to greet the Royal visitor, while clinging to the scaffold and pressing as closely as the police would permit, Salvationists and friends from all parts of the country strove to catch the first glimpse of His Royal Highness.

The preliminary function was necessarily brief. Commissioner Unsworth having introduced the General, who presented Mrs. Higgins, Sir Giles Scott handed the all-important key to His Royal Highness, who immediately unlocked the door and proceeded to an upper room in the Ad-

ministration Building, where a few Officers and others were presented to the Royal visitor by the General. The semi-circular route to the Assembly Hall, kept by hundreds of Life-Saving Scouts and Guards, was lined so thickly that as he was escorted by the General and other Officers, the Prince walked in a shallow valley of smiling, handkerchief-waving people occupying every inch of the short slopes from the path.

Some ten thousand people had sought tickets of admission, but, of course, the great majority of these were unable to find accommodation at the opening proceeding in the Hall, though many hundreds gathered beneath the loud speakers erected in suitable places in the grounds, and thus followed the speeches.

*Oh, enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto—*

was, in very truth, the thrilling experience which awaited the splendid, and first, audience to all the beautiful Assembly Hall. Spaciousness and dignity, pure light from many artistic windows, furnishings of the best materials, combined with a crowning simplicity over all, characterize this new Salvation Temple and make it a delight to the eye.

As His Royal Highness Prince George, accompanied by the General and Mrs. Higgins, the Chief of the Staff and Mrs. Mapp, a number of Army Commissioners, and a retinue of distinguished visitors and friends, made his way down one of the aisles, he was enthusiastically acclaimed by the standing assemblage, and significantly enough was faced, as he turned to ascend the platform, by a fine painting of William Booth—the man whose noble life and work was being celebrated and perpetuated. So representative was the gathering that it included the High Commissioners for Canada, New Zealand, and Australia; the Agents-General for Tasmania, Victoria, South Australia, and New South Wales; members of the German and Austrian Legations; and Government officials associated with Latvia and Estonia.

Prince Matsudaira, Japan's Ambassador, was among the prominent and welcome well-wishers.

Mrs. Higgins offered a prayer of gratitude and re-dedication to His beneficent purposes for mankind, the petition closing in solemn and sonorous impressiveness with the utterance of "Our Father" by the entire congregation.

Speaking with a vigor of spirit which well betokened the happy nature of the occasion, the General, who was received with prolonged applause, explained that the afternoon's doings brought to a conclusion the series of efforts and demonstrations with which the Founder's Centenary Year had been charged. All that had been done, and that it was hoped would, by the grace and blessing of God, continue to be done, was in accord with the wishes and principles of our great and beloved Founder.

The total cost of the College buildings—some £346,000—had just about been met, and his faith assured him that the £25,000 still needed for furnishings, etc., would duly be forthcoming.

The General added, in a tone of deep sympathy:

"Before sitting down I must say that the erection of these buildings is very largely due to the efforts made by the Founder's son, General Bramwell Booth. (Applause.) He had

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HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE GEORGE AND THE GENERAL

Following the opening of The Army's new "University of Humanity," Prince George undertook an inspection of these splendidly-equipped buildings



COMMISSIONER MITCHELL

A Man of Thoroughness

A Pen Sketch of Commissioner George Mitchell, The new International Secretary for Canada, Europe and Australasia

was always the same, terribly in earnest.

"I was a boy—he was a man... Every one of us Recruits was his care. My voice had not broken then, so I had to sing solos, thus making my first attempt in public. I think now he called me out more to encourage me than for any real help I afforded. 'God bless the lad,' was my reward."

It was more than worth while to persevere with this boy of high spirits, whose subsequent brilliant labors under our Flag have been a joy to multitudes and a true praise to God.

Commissioner Mitchell became an Officer at International Headquarters, rising to the important position of Chancellor of the Exchequer. He was for many years Bandmaster of the International Staff Band. Prior to his present appointment he directed The Salvation Army Assurance Society at International Headquarters, and for the past eight years has commanded, with conspicuous success, The Army forces in Sweden.

He is a lover of God and souls, a humble follower of his Saviour, an able leader and administrator, and a powerful preacher of Salvation and Holiness.

Cool in any crisis, discriminating in negotiation, of iron will, and imposing personality, the Commissioner has made himself a power in the Organization.

Commissioner Mitchell combines with natural ability the talent for "taking pains." In the Financial and Property Department, at International

Headquarters, he so used and improved upon his original powers that "Mitchell's memory" long ago became a proverb. On the platform he is content with nothing but thorough speaking, thorough singing, thorough speaking, and thorough dealing with souls, no matter how much labor the reaching of this standard involves.

"I am convinced of this," this man of thoroughness said on one occasion, "there is no job which a man takes up conscientiously that has not got in it something which will benefit the man, and from which the job itself will not be the better if it is applied."

The practical application of that everyday truth has brought Commissioner Mitchell to his present position. He took each job that came to him as one which contained something useful for himself. And he took his Salvationism in the same practical way. He has been thorough, therefore. He is a Soldier, and he maintains that the making of Soldiers is more important than the piling up of names. The individual is to him greater than the Organization, for if the Organization were to fall the individual would rebuild it.

"God cares for the individual," said this man of faith and works, when appointed to Sweden, "and I am sure of this, that if He did not mean me to go to Sweden not all the powers of earth could get me off the doorstep, but if He means me to go well, the sooner I go, the better."

The Commissioner has been helped in the winning of hearts and souls of the people by the co-operation of his wife, who has a winning, pleasing personality of her own.

To The Better Land

**SISTER MRS. HANSON,
Hamilton III**

Sister Mrs. Hanson, or "Granny," as we called her because of her great age, has gone to be with Jesus. After being a Soldier for over forty years, she was laid to rest the same day as General Booth. Her son, who is on the police force at Winnipeg, came as soon as possible and spoke most tenderly of his mother. The Memorial service was held on Sunday night, when several comrades spoke of the influence of her life. Brother Burditt sang "The City Four-square," and the Band played "Promoted to Glory." The Songsters also sang feelingly, "Standing Fast."

**SISTER MRS. WILCOCKS,
Todmorden**

We very much regret the passing of our dear Sister and comrade, Sister Mrs. Wilcocks, but we are pleased to have the assurance that she has gone to be with her Master.

We praise Him for her wonderful testimony. The day before her passing she testified that she was "Walking in the Blood of the Lamb," and that she was "Sweeping through the gates of the New Jerusalem." Our sympathy is extended to those left in sorrow. Major McElhiney conducted the Funeral service.—E.G.

**SISTER MRS. HENLEY,
Picton**

As recently mentioned in "The War Cry," Sister Mrs. Henley has gone to her Reward.

"Coming from England twenty-one years ago, she settled in Belleville, where her aged parents still reside. She, in company with her four sisters, formed our first Songster Brigade in that Corps and from that humble beginning the Brigade has increased to twenty-three members. She also became an active worker in the Young People's Work particularly the Young People's Legion. Later, her husband's occupation called them to Picton, where her kindness won many friends. The Funeral service was conducted in the Belleville Citadel by Ensign Rawlins, following a short service at the house. Captain Lennox, of Picton, also Ensign Capson, of Trenton, assisted at the Funeral. Sister Mrs. Brown spoke of visiting our comrade during her illness and of her readiness to meet the Saviour. The Songster Leader also spoke of her willingness to use her talent for singing for the Master. The Band rendered suitable music during the service and on the way to the cemetery.

of boots cost the same, and as the weeks went by I provided myself—or rather they provided me—with an outfit which cost me a few pence over a pound.

During my stay at the hostel I learnt all sorts of things which made me regret more than I can say my old attitude to The Army. I was told of men who had promised to run straight, and then slid back to their old ways. When they returned to the hostel they were received with just the same friendliness and given another chance; a dozen more chances if they wished.

I was told of men who had been sent to one of the farms belonging to the Organization to learn farming, and then taken out to one of the Dominions. I was told of other men who had been found jobs, and were now doing well; of one man who made a fortune.

I worked for my keep at the hostel for two months. At the end of that time I had saved six pounds, and was able to face the world again, an independent man. They wanted me to touch with a firm that wanted men of my trade, and now I have regular employment.

—One time down-and-out.



[We will welcome for this column messages from our readers which are likely to be of comfort, cheer and blessing to others.]

THE "ARMY" HELPED ME

A MONTH or so ago I found myself in London without a penny in my pockets. Through my own foolishness I was absolutely down-and-out. I had no friends, and did not know where to turn to get food and lodging.

I spent one night walking about, trying to keep warm. Next day I was worn out and tired, and how I got through it I cannot tell you. But during my wanderings I met a man who asked me if I'd been to The Salvation Army.

I must confess that even in my sorry state I was compelled to smile in the superior way some people have when that organization is mentioned. "Go and see them!" he said. "Perhaps you'll change your mind."

So I went to the address he gave me—the hostel in Waterloo Road. I expected to be given a form to fill in, asking for particulars of all my past life. I knew they would ask me if I wanted to be saved; like many others I "knew" that was their cry. I soon found out I was wrong on both counts. I got a warm welcome, and was given a bed—a warm, comfortable, clean bed—with out divulging any more about myself than my name. Nobody seemed to want to pry. All they were glad of was that there was someone else they could help.

That evening I chatted with some

of the fellows I met.

"The worse you are, the better they like you," said one.

"They'll always give you the night here free," said another, "and they don't care about your color or your religion or anything else."

In the morning I was given breakfast, and then came the first and only question:

"Do you want to run straight?"

I assured them I did, and was then told that if I cared they would give me work until I could get another job. I jumped at the chance, and was put on to sorting paper.

The system upon which they work is amazing in its simplicity. I had to account for three hundredweight of paper in the working day. That paid for my keep. If I did more, I was credited with pay at the rate of three pence an hour for the surplus. At the end of the week I had earned twelve shillings in this way, but was only given half a crown.

"That is for pocket money," I was told. "The rest has been banked for you, and you will be given interest upon it. When you want to leave us, you can have the money. If, in the meantime, you want clothes or boots, we will supply them, and charge it to your account."

I did want clothes and boots. I was given an excellent second-hand suit for five shillings. A stout pair

THE FOUNDER AND THE CIGARETTE

I once had a curious interview with General Booth, says a writer in the "Graphic." It was when he was conducting a great Prayer-meeting in Berlin. The meeting took place at the Circus Busch, and afterwards I went round to see him.

He received me in one of the circus dressing-rooms, a squalid room with a mirror, ablaze with lights, and obscenities in German scrawled in grease-paint on the wall. When we had finished our talk, which concerned the plans for his German tour, and I was taking my leave, I took out a cigarette.

The General looked at me and then at the cigarette. "Do you have to smoke?" he asked, and then he told me that members of The Salvation Army neither smoke nor drink. "Shall we pray together?" he proposed, and we dropped down side by side on the bare boards.

He was an old man and he had had an exhaustive day. But he prayed with the same undiminished fervour as I had heard him, a short while before, in the presence of the massed thousands in the circus. At the end he got up, his trouser knees all dusty, and gave me his hand.

"You shouldn't smoke, my boy," he said; "it costs money, and it's bad for your health." A very lovely old man. Ah me! I wish I had taken his advice.



Under The Army Flag



220 STAFF OFFICERS' WIVES "DOWN TOOLS"

Mrs. General Higgins Meets the Members of the Bond of Service and Fellowship at Sumbury

The homes of two hundred and twenty London Officers, from Commissioners to Captains, were temporarily bereft of their mistresses one day last week. Wives and mothers had gladly answered the call of their own "Society"—The Bond of Service and Fellowship—to "down tools" and take a day off by the river at leafy Sumbury. This annual outing was made the occasion for the welcome of Mrs. General Higgins as President.

In the gathering, after lunch, Mrs. Higgins was received with great enthusiasm and warmth, and her sisterly counsel and "approachableness" during the day made fast the new link with the Bond. Mrs. Commissioner Mapp, wife of the Chief of the Staff, who was introduced by Mrs. Colonel Holmes, the Secretary, left the impression of her happy, sincere personality on many.

Greatly interested were all in the talk of Mrs. Lieut.-Colonel Barnett, one of the twelve "visitors" (who are appointed thus to keep in touch with the members) but whom The Army wheel had swept away from London to China four and a half years ago and was now sweeping on to South Africa.

If the time for strolling in the shady grounds was all too short, every moment of the outing was felt to have been well worth while.

IN A JAPANESE DENSHA

A DENSHA-SASHIN (car conductor) of Hiroshima, collecting fares during a busy part of the day, came to a Salvationist and friend. The conductor expecting, as is so often the custom, the Salvationist to pay for his friend, punched two tickets, but the friend already had the return half of a ticket for use.

The conductor's needless haste would ordinarily have called upon his head the curses of many gods, and the amazement of the onlookers at the turn of events was voiced by a passenger who asked the reason for the Salvationist's quietly taking and paying for the unwanted ticket.

Unfortunately, or perhaps fortunately, the car was almost at the fare station where the two friends desired to alight, so the passenger who marvelled at the absence of the display of temper had to be content with a very hasty invitation to "Come along to the Kyu Sei Gun for the reason."

The invitation, however, was accepted, and the uniformed passenger of the morning saw the conductor, as well as the inquiring passenger, in the meeting. Before its close both these men had knelt at the Penitent-form, and are now, with two others who were passengers on that same journey. Soldiers of the Hiroshima Corps.

The bridled tongue that morning captured four men, at least—truly far better than "the capturing of a walled city."

NEW TRAINING PRINCIPAL Colonel and Mrs. Bettridge to Sail for Australia

The General has appointed Colonel Bettridge, until recently Chief Secretary for European Work in South Africa, to be Principal of the Training Garrison (Melbourne) in the Australia Southern Territory.

EARTHQUAKE RELIEF IN NEW ZEALAND

The Army's Prompt Aid Appreciated by Sufferers

Regarding the catastrophe which visited New Zealand, and the work The Army has been able to undertake on behalf of the sufferers, come the following interesting details, cabled by Commissioner Hay, who is in command of that Territory:

"Immediately upon learning of the distress caused by the earthquake, Captain Walker, of Reefton, set off with a number of comrades, cutting a way through sixty miles of chaos, still experiencing frequent earthquake shocks, and making a perilous journey during which they continued helping sufferers wherever possible.

"The party of Salvationists eventually reached Murchison, the centre of the disaster, where for days they labored strenuously in offering relief and service to all classes of people. The relief workers also conducted the singing of Salvation songs amid earthquake scenes, beside assisting to clear a way and taking sixty-five refugees through it to safety.

"Prominent Government and other officials have been commenting kindly on the self-sacrificing labors of the Salvationists, who have now also distributed food and other practical assistance to about 500 people beside contributing £200 to the facilitating of relief work. The people are rallying magnificently and are helping The Army to assist all sufferers.

THE CONSCIENCE OF A PEDLAR

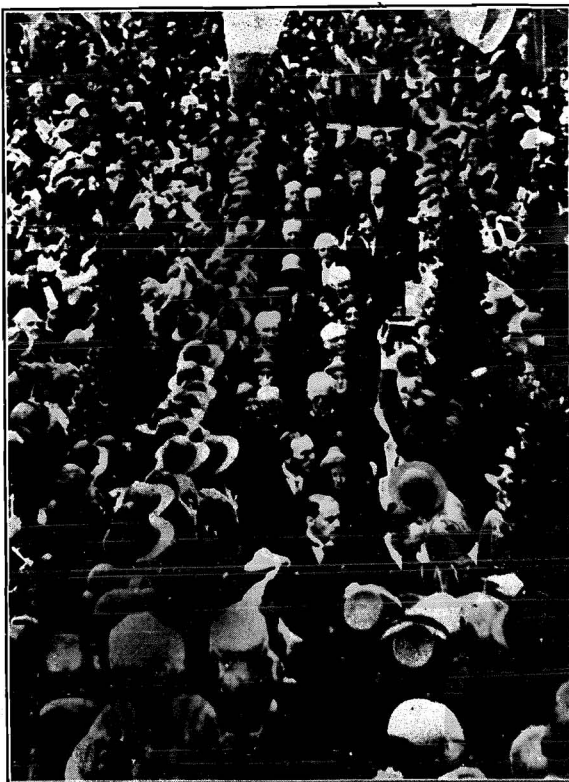
An Army Story for Japanese Schools

In a recent interview Lt.-Commissioner Yamamuro related the story of the conversion of a drunken pedlar who, when he sought Christ, was in debt to the extent of £350.

"It was a large sum, measured against the income of a pedlar," the Commissioner stated, "but this man resolved, with God's help, to repay all. For this purpose he saved each year £70 for five years. He also saved and paid another £50 as interest, making £400, and he never stooped to questionable ways of raising any of the money he needed.

"This was shown one day when a military soldier came up to him and when just on the point of buying one of his fountain pens, asked him for a light. The pedlar pointed out that he thought smoking very harmful, therefore he would not encourage it. He lost his customer.

"Some time ago a newspaper appealed to me for a short contribution, and I responded with an account of this incident. A few months afterwards a Tokio publisher asked my permission to reproduce the matter in a text-book for use in high schools. I gladly agreed. So that story of the Conscience of a Converted Pedlar is now reaching numerous young readers through a volume sanctioned by the Education Department of the Japanese Government."



Prince George, by whose side is the General, acknowledging the hearty greetings as he is escorted through a "valley" of smiling people to the Assembly Hall at The Army's New Memorial Training College, in London. Near the front of the procession will be seen the late Commissioner Booth-Tucker, who was promoted to Glory a few days later

INTERNATIONAL NEWS

The West does not possess all the vanity-bag ideas. Mrs. Adjutant Sheard, who is on furlough in England with her husband, after some years of service with the Criminal Tribes of India, describes how the women settlers under their care in the Andaman Islands wear little looking glasses fitted into rings on their thumbs, so that as they sew they can admire their own beauty.

The Andaman Islands, by the way, were formerly used by the government as a penal settlement, but now the land has been handed over for the use of Criminal tribesfolk, and The Army has successfully settled there some 500 or 600 families who would otherwise be wandering and lawbreaking.

A summing up of the Centenary Call Campaign reveals some startling figures (says a report from the North India Territory, in the latest Indian "War Cry"). This is not the time for a descriptive report. *Boom Marches* and the activity of week-end brigades have been reported on from time to time. Let it be enough to say that by various special efforts 275 villages have been visited and 36,862 persons have attended the meetings held. But, best of all, 898 seekers have been registered. Special Campaigns are worth while!

Nearly 900 Life-Saving Scouts, Guards, Chums, and Sunbeams of the West London Division in Great Britain gathered recently for their annual Rally and Display. They were inspected by Sir Marshall Hays and Lady Hays.

Our readers will be interested to learn that Ensign and Mrs. Herbert Wood, late of Capetown, I Corps, have been appointed to Durban Central Corps, South Africa.

"MRS. DANIEL"

A Modern Saint of the Emerald Isle

Although it is possible that no one in Ireland to-day has heard of Envoy Lightner, who was recently promoted to Glory from New York, her name deserves to stand on the list of modern saints of the Emerald Isle.

Envoy Lightner was truly of the "stuff that carries through." When bombarded with ancient vegetables and eggs, and then drenched to the skin by a bucket of water, instead of resorting to the usual feminine tears and retreat, she dropped on her knees in the bar and prayed that understanding might be given to those who tormented her.

As she rose to her feet she found one of her tormentors on his knees beside her. What's more, they apologized. As she aptly put it a short time ago, "There ain't so much unusual about me; I just started to sell 'War Crys' and never quit."

Her second trip was even more eventful, for an "ornery" customer set a ferocious bull dog on to the tiny Irish Envoy. This particular hound had nearly killed a burglar the month previously, but wondrous is the providence of God, for when the brutal man said to the dog, "Get her, Caesar," the dog leaped forward, stopped suddenly, and licked her hand. From that day until she left the town she was known as "Mrs. Daniel."



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COMMISSIONER WILLIAM MAXWELL

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COMMISSIONER BOOTH-TUCKER'S PASSING

THE GENERAL Conducts the Funeral Service in The Congress Hall

[By Cable]

ATTEMDED by every mark of honor which affection and reverence for his great personal qualities could inspire and admiration for his long life of distinguished service could dictate, we bore the mortal remains of Commissioner Booth-Tucker this afternoon to their last resting place in that Valhalla of Salvation Army veterans, Abney Park Cemetery.

The immense crowd which filled the Congress Hall, the throngs who stood bareheaded as the cortege passed through the streets, the presence of the International Commissioners and hundreds of Officers, all testified to the unique place this noble Saint and Soldier held for so many years in the hearts of Salvationists.

The General returned to London from a much-needed furlough to personally conduct the Funeral service.

Inseparably linked as the promoted Commissioner's life has been with India, it was fitting that scores of Officers who have served in India, wearing uniforms of the East—among them veterans who have spent a life-time in Missionary service—should sit rank on rank around the bier and escort it to its resting place. The canopy under which it stood was draped in saffron, the symbolical sacred color of the East, which the Commissioner with great insight incorporated into the uniform of India. A number of distinguished people connected with India and its Government were also present.

The General paid a warm and generous tribute of personal affection and admiration for the promoted Warrior, with whom he served for ten years in the United States. He spoke of him as a man of both education and wide vision, whose mind compassed great ideas and views, and whose sympathetic understanding made him a lover and servant of the poorest, most ignorant and degraded.

In the course of a remarkably eloquent cable of tribute, read by the Chief of the Staff, Commander Evangeline Booth said, "The Commissioner has been a star, bright and shining in the sky of Army men." (Continued at foot of column 4)

In the Shady "Grove"

THE COMMISSIONER Conducts Invigorating Sunday Services with Health-Seekers at Jackson's Point

OLD AND YOUNG GATHER FOR FAMILY WORSHIP

MERELY to sit in the restful shade of the tall trees of the "Grove" at Jackson's and to look up between the feathered branches at "that upturned bowl of blue we call the skies" is to experience a desire for worship and the longing to join with the joyous birds in their ceaseless psalm of praise.

It was in this choicely-endowed spot that our indefatigable Commissioner conducted the meetings on Sunday last. A strange fashion indeed in which to commence a furlough which in view of his numerous engagements during the past year, no one could say was not well-earned. But it is difficult at any time to keep the Commissioner away from the battle's front, and it is almost impossible to do so when there are Young People who are eager to see and hear him.

Similes

Here in the Grove, side by side with cedars of age-long sturdiness, stood tender saplings of but a few years growth, possessing all the possibilities of their noble, weather-marked elders, but hidden as yet and only speaking in terms of promise as they said, "It is not what we are but what we're going to be!"

The simile may aptly be employed in describing the "Grove" congregation. On the rustic platform supporting the Commissioner were seasoned veterans in the persons of Lt.-Commissioner Hoe, with long years of Missionary service to his credit, and Colonel Adby, who speaks of Army happenings of thirty-five and more years ago with a familiarity that almost makes one gasp for, in spite of his well-nigh forty years in the service, the Colonel is not at all old really—only modest!

Then at the side and further back in the Grove were seated Officers of various rank who, like Commissioner Hoe, are on furlough at Jackson's. In the midst and surrounded—as if sheltered—by these "big trees" was the second selection of children to participate in the numerous advantages of The Army's Fresh Air Camp, and in the front seats, bursting with good health after their two weeks in Camp, were the "Saplings."—The Army Scouts, their faces aglow with promise as they reached out to receive counsel and blessing.

A Word For All

Following a season of prayer and his introductory remarks, the Commissioner called upon Commandant Galloway, the newly-appointed Young People's Secretary for the London Division, to speak. In the course of his very helpful talk, the Commandant recalled with feelings of deep gratitude to God his own conversion at an early age, and expressed his pleasure at the opportunity now afforded him to devote his whole time and accumulated experience to the needs of the Young People.

The singing of Colonel Adby of the old consecration song, "Not my own" brought blessing to many a heart and prepared the way for the Commissioner's introduction of Lt.-Commissioner Hoe. The distinguished visitor had a word for all present.

To the Officers resting awhile from the multitudinous claims of the Salvation war it was a reminder of God's power to restore and replenish even by the soothing ministry of rest; to the casual visitors, some of whom were

doubtless unacquainted with Army ways and teaching, it was a clear compelling call to friendship with God; and to the Scouts and other Young People present it was an invitation to spurn the world's alluring, to hate with an holy hatred its base and untrue standards, and to join with whole-hearted abandon in the adventure of the Cross. It was a season of rich blessing, and in drawing the meeting to a close, the Territorial Commander endeavored to crystallize for our better remembrance all that had been said, adding a valued word of counsel from the richness of his own experience.

It fell to the lot of the Territorial Young People's Secretary to preside over the afternoon gathering, when a number of talented comrades, including Adjutant McBain, Ensign Maxwell, and several of the Scouts and their leaders, rendered a program of music and song. Lt.-Commissioner Hoe, who was again present, regaled the audience with a couple of snake stories—real thrillers!

In concluding the gathering, Staff-Captain Wilson read a thought-provoking Scripture portion.

Evening Gathering

In the cool evening, again in the Grove, where a splendid crowd had gathered, the Territorial Commander piloted a Salvation meeting. Referring to recent changes affecting Young People's affairs within the Territory, the Commissioner introduced Adjutant McBain, the recently-appointed Young People's Secretary for Toronto East. The Adjutant won his way into the hearts of all present as he told of his early struggles to live for God. In an environment entirely opposed to religion he nevertheless found in those youthful days a sufficiency of grace to sustain.

It was fitting that just prior to the breaking up of the Scout Camp, Staff-Captain George Wilson, who has had charge of the Camp and who now goes to a change of appointment, should say a final word of farewell to the Scouts who, as he said, "Have endeared themselves to me."

Speaking with deep feeling, he emphasized the difference between making a living and making a life and urged his hearers to take Christ as the pattern for their lives. "Never a friend like Jesus" was the solo with which Colonel Adby blessed his listeners and prepared the way for the message of the Commissioner. It was primarily, though not exclusively, to the Scouts that the Commissioner's words were directed.

What a Topic!

And what a topic he chose for the capturing of the mind of a boy—Ships! He held his audience under a spell. Then, divinely aided, and with mastery skill, he drew vital lessons from the story he had unfolded, reminding his hearers of the rocks and shoals and dangerous places their little ships would encounter as they sped over the sea of life. "The Jesus as your Captain," he said, "if you would steer a straight course and come to Heaven at last." A solemn hush, broken only by the conversation of the birds in the tree tops, settled upon the listening crowd. Presently a prayer in song was whispered out upon the evening's air. It was the moment for decisions.—L. T.-H.

INTERNATIONAL CHANGES

Three Territorial Commanders Farewell

The following changes in connection with Territorial commands have been decided upon by the General:

Commissioner Hay, who has been in charge of New Zealand since September, 1928, will be farewelling from that Territory in October next. The Commissioner and Mrs. Hay, as is well known, are honored and beloved veteran leaders, having served with conspicuous success on many important Army battlefields.

Commissioner Hay will be succeeded in New Zealand by Commissioner John Cunningham. The Commander and Mrs. Cunningham have had long and varied experience in many parts of the world, including South Africa, Holland and the Dutch East Indies.

Lt.-Commissioner Friedrich is farewelling from Czecho-Slovakia, where he and Mrs. Friedrich have been for nearly three years. The Command involves three countries: Czecho-Slovakia, Hungary and Austria. The Commissioner, it will be remembered, has served in Canada, and has also held appointments in the United States, India, Australia and China. Lt.-Commissioner and Mrs. Friedrich will be farewelling in September.

Colonel Mary Booth, who has been in charge of the work in Germany for four years, is also under farewell orders, and will be leaving Germany in September. Prior to her present command, the Colonel was a Divisional Commander in England.

GENERAL BOOTH'S HONOR

Badge of Order Presented to Mrs. Booth

The honor conferred by His Majesty the King upon the late General Bramwell Booth, some three months ago, whereby he was appointed a Member of the Order of Companions of Honor, will be a fresh and grateful memory in the mind of every Salvationist.

This feeling will be enhanced by the knowledge that the King, a few days ago thoughtfully commanded Colonel Sir George Creighton to present to Mrs. Booth, at Hadley Wood, on His Majesty's behalf, the Badge of the Order mentioned. At the same time Sir George expressed the King's regret that General Bramwell Booth had not survived to receive the Badge from His Majesty's own hands.

(Continued from column 1)

All lands have looked to it and gone on their way, better and braver. He had the mind, limitless enthusiasm, courage and spirit of an emancipator, adamant in purpose, never counting the cost, as ready at any moment to die as live. In the United States his name will never die. At a crisis in The Army's history there he displayed a courage, faith and skill, that marked him as a prophet of God."

The Commissioner's daughters, Moter and Muriel, and also the stricken widow, moved all hearts by their faith and courage in face of their bereavement, and their testimony to the saintly character of the beloved Commissioner and his passionate love for sinners and fearless disregard for consequences in contesting wrong of every kind.

The Chief of the Staff, who was the principal speaker at the graveside, movingly referred to having been converted under the Commissioner, and having received his first Commission from him. He loved him for his saintly life, his great work and unswerving stand for righteousness.

Thus we laid the body of our beloved Commissioner to rest.

"Clothed in turban and dhoti, with a sack for his bedding and a small tin box for his papers, he set out barefoot."

—From Harold Begbie's story of Commissioner Fakir Singh in "Other Sheep"

A "DON QUIXOTE OF RELIGION"

Commissioner Booth-Tucker, who Pioneered The Army's Work in India in 1882, after a Life of Magnificent Exploits and Heroic Endeavor for God and His fellow-men, Hears the "Well-Done!" of the Master whom he joyed to serve

COMMISSIONER FREDERICK DE LAUTOUR BOOTH-TUCKER, whose promotion to Glory on July 17th, from his home in Stoke Newington, London, England, was announced in last week's "War Cry," was the son of an Indian Judge, and the grandson of the Chairman of the East India Company. He was born at Monghyr, Bengal, in 1853, and was educated at Cheltenham, in the Old Land. Until middle life he was plain Mr. Tucker, a Magistrate in the Indian Civil Service, and like so many members of the Civil Service in those days, he devoted his leisure time to promoting a knowledge of Christianity among the natives of his district.

As Harold Begbie tells us in "Other Sheep," it was a single article published in "The War Cry" which made such a powerful appeal to the future Salvationist leader, that he undertook the voyage to England in order to see the Founder and become acquainted with the Movement.

He was fired to a high pitch of enthusiasm by the eloquence and the magnetic personality of the old General. The incessant call to service rang through his soul, and he presented himself to the Founder, stating his desire to become a Salvationist.

The Founder hesitated to accept the sacrifice. In a few years' time the volunteer, a rather fine-looking gentleman, would be entitled to his pension. Would it not be advisable for him to wait the time of retirement, and then apply again?

A few days later the volunteer called again. "I have retired from the Civil Service," he announced. "You must take me."

The volunteer was accepted, and returned to India with three others to open the work there. This was in 1882.

Knight-Errent of the Gospel

Official India was filled with consternation at the news of an invasion by the Salvationists. "Fakir Singh," as the turbaned and dhotied Englishman was called, was very soon arrested and cast into prison. But when the initial tempest had somewhat calmed, the Commissioner-to-be set out on his journey of exploration, to judge how best The Salvation Army might be set in motion for the blessing of India. A Knight-errant of the Gospel was he!

"Clothed in turban and dhoti, with a sack for his bedding, and a small tin box for his papers, he set out barefoot," runs Mr. Begbie's record. Such was The Army's beginning in India and Ceylon.

He wandered about the country speaking of Christ to the multitudes, and meeting alternately with rebuffs and kindnesses. He mingled alike with high and low caste. How great the plunge that he, a Sahib, and the people of the Sahib, should act so!

"Such a Sahib wandering about the country bare-foot and in native dress," says Mr. Begbie, "begging his paddy and rice at the door of the peasants, sleeping under the shade of village trees, and speaking of Christ to the new life of conversion to the natives, was at the well and the water, and the people, might indeed provoke curiosity and attract the multitude; but what privation and discomfort he must endure; what risks of disease and death he must encounter, and what opposition, ridicule and contempt he must expect from the people in his own race and traditions! Nevertheless, his soul that desperate determination to break down at any and every cost

all barriers that divide us from the people of India," and he was fired and exhilarated by the thought that at last Christ should appear before Easterns as an Eastern, and the religion of Christ reach to their souls not as an alien patronage of the ruling race, but as a liberation and a blessing from God.

"At Almorah he found himself honorably welcomed by the Sadr Amin, one of the leading Hindus of the place, who begged him to be his guest. The Fakir acknowledged the graciousness of the invitation, but reminded the Hindu that he was of such a high caste that the low caste

to The Salvation Army, he said: 'We, too, must have a meeting in my house, and we also will have a collection.' His joy was excessive when he found that the gifts of the thronging crowd in his house surpassed the subscription of the English meeting by two rupees."

Years afterwards, the Founder was

my house shall be open to all, none shall be turned away," replied the high-caste Hindu, and the invitation being accepted he proved as good as his word. The house was soon packed to the doors and beyond. The people watched the Sahib eating his meal with his fingers from the plantain leaf on which it was served; and when the necessary mouth-washing and finger-washing were concluded, they asked for some "Gyan," or religious instruction.

The people listened with intense interest. There, like one of themselves, sat the white Fakir who had eaten after their custom, who wore their dress, and who spoke their language eloquently and without check. He brought no charge against their own religion, he made no mock of their gods and goddesses, he expressed no anger against their priests. But with his pale face, full of a solemn earnestness, his strained eyes shining with enthusiasm for his Christ, he told of a religion so exactly fitted to their needs, so entirely and wonderfully Eastern in its spirit, that they marvelled to think it was Christianity.

A Wise Administrator

Harold Begbie pays eloquent tribute to the Commissioner, with whom he traveled from one end of India to the other. "Other men I have met in India," he wrote, "greater intellects and more powerful personalities, whose acquaintanceship with Indian thought is at once catholic and sympathetic, but none could give me so close and intimate a knowledge of the real and human India as this wandering Don Quixote of religion."

Commissioner Booth-Tucker was full of enthusiasm, dreaming dreams and projecting Utopias, but at the same time he was a wise and careful administrator, trusted and consulted by some of the very first men of India, on matters needing a cool head and a judicious temperament. He spoke a number of the Indian dialects as well as several other languages.

As a writer, too, the promoted Commissioner has contributed largely to Salvation Army literature. His work dealing with our operations in India are most enlightening, and reveal his deep and practical knowledge of the subject at hand. "Muktifauj," and "Colonel Weerasooriya," and many pamphlets, together with the official life of Catherine Booth, and a biography of Consul Booth-Tucker are among his literary productions.

It is interesting, by the way, to note that in India to-day, The Army is at constant work in some 5,000 Indian centres, publishes eight vernacular "War Crys," besides other papers, and has numerous and varied Social agencies.

In 1888, the Commissioner was married to Emma Booth, the second daughter of The Army's Founder, and known and revered in the ranks as "The Consul." Fifteen happy years they were together, serving, not only in India, but also in Europe and the United States. It was whilst they were in this latter command, where such splendid service was rendered, that the Consul met her tragic end in a railway accident in 1903, when returning from a tour of the Western States.

In 1905, the Commissioner was appointed Foreign Secretary at the International Headquarters, but two years later returned to his first command in the great Dependency, as special Commissioner for (Continued on page 13)



COMMISSIONER BOOTH-TUCKER
Promoted to Glory — July 17th, 1929

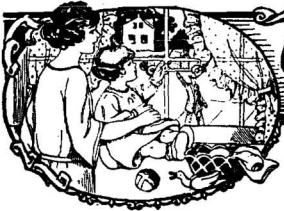
people of the place would not be able to approach the Fakir did he accept the great man's hospitality. But to this the Sadr Amin replied:—

"Zat pat puchhe nako, Jo Har Ka bhaje, so Har Ka ho"; which, being interpreted, means, "Let no one ask his caste; he who worships God belongs to God." So the invitation was accepted.

"People thronged to the house, questions were asked and answered, the religion of Christ was presented in its supremest aspect as liberation from sin, and perhaps for the first time in that place the animosities and antipathies both of religion and race were entirely forgotten in the unifying apprehension of a universal God. For the return journey to Naini Tal, the Sadr Amin insisted upon lending the Fakir a pony, and not only rode the whole way at his side, but acted as his host when the town was reached. Moreover, hearing that at an English meeting a hundred and one rupees had been subscribed

in Calcutta, and a leading English official told him of a conversation he had had with this noted Hindu relative to Commissioner Booth-Tucker. "Sadr Amin Sahib," the Englishman said, "you have always been regarded as a staunch Hindu, and as one having no sympathy with Christianity; how is it then that you received this Salvationist into your house, and even presided for him at his meeting?"

"Sahib," was the reply, had I seen Christianity such as this before, I should myself have been a Christian." At Bataia the Fakir was accosted by a Hindu in the streets who asked him to what religion he belonged? "To the Jivan-Mukti Pant—the Get-Saved-While-You-Are-Alive religion," was the good-natured reply. "Where are you going to get food?" asked the Hindu. "God will provide," answered the Fakir. "Come to my house; honor me by coming," said the Hindu eagerly. The Fakir raised the same objection as in Almorah, "But



Of INTEREST to WOMEN

THE LASSIES ON THE DOOR-STEP

A Business Man Becomes Reminiscent

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

Home-Made Dry Mop

A splendid dry mop can be made from the legs of old black stockings. Cut off the feet of about fifteen stockings and slit them open lengthwise, then sew them together and fasten them into a mop handle.

Piano Keys

The keys of a piano sometimes remain down after having been struck. If the offending key is gently raised a little and the front edge rubbed with a lead pencil (black), it will be found to work more easily.

Drying Paint

Woodwork which has to be painted should be well smeared with lime-water, which can be obtained at any druggist's. Let dry, and then paint. The paint will dry in half the time.

Home-Made Fly Paper

To make a fly-paper boil linseed oil with a little resin till it forms a stringy paste when cold. Spread this on paper, using a large brush. Another simple method is to mix together one teaspoon black pepper, one teaspoon brown sugar and a tablespoon of lard, and spread on any thick paper, or spread thick molasses on strong paper and sprinkle with insect powder.

Iron-Rust Remover

To clean iron rust from water-pails and dippers, squeeze lemon-juice in them and let stand for a few hours. If rust is not entirely gone, rub the lemon-juice thoroughly over them.

Cleaning Fruit-Stain

Any fruit-stain on linen that can not be removed by hot water will disappear like magic by simply saturating the stain with glycerine. Let stand an hour or so, rub between the hands and wash in the usual way.

"IF YE BELIEVE"

A homely illustration was once used by the old German preacher, Flattish. A lady told him she had been seeking and longing in vain for the presence of the Holy Spirit; this gift of God was her chief desire, but still beyond her attainment. "Dear lady," said Flattish, "the other morning I searched about diligently, but all in vain, for my sock; I wanted it, but could find it nowhere. Suddenly I discovered that in reality I had it on! Madam, you have what you desire; your seeking and longing prove the indwelling power of God's Holy Spirit, and all you have to do is to cease searching, and be happy in receiving. "Having received of the Father of the promise of the Holy Spirit." The lady found peace in believing.

HER PENSION

A candidate in the recent British election tells the following incident which occurred at a meeting he addressed:

An old lady approached him and asked: "What abah, my eternity (maternity) pension?"

"Your eternity pension, madam?" he asked. "I'm afraid I don't understand you. Eternity means the here-after."

"Aye, it does an' all," fired back the good lady, "and it's what I'm 'ereafter'!"

"YES, I have a verri warm spot in my heart for The Army."

I had been engaged in a business conversation with a gentleman whose rich brogue smacked of The Land of the Heather. There was a reminiscent expression in his eye as he continued, "I well remember when a young fellow, living in Edinburgh, one morning early, whilst on my way to work, I was astonished to come upon two Army lassies, sitting on the steps of an old disused church. It was a cold, raw morning, and I couldn't get the thought of those two bits of girls out of my mind. When I got to Dad's place of business I told him about it. 'We can't leave them out there in the cold,' he said. 'Tell them to come and have a cup of something hot.' Well they came, and right glad they seemed of the chance. We found they had been sent to open a new Corps in the district. Having made their acquaintance we watched their progress with interest. God wonderfully used those lassies. Some of the most notorious characters in Edinburgh were converted. One chap,

I recall, was as vicious and drunken a brute, as you could find in a day's march. He was known and feared everywhere in that quarter. But the Army lassies got hold of him. He turned right about face and became as zealous for God as he had been for the devil. It was impossible to point a finger at anything in his life. He was a coal teamster, and no matter who his customer was he would put in a word about Jesus. 'Ay, they were bonny lassies to straighten up that ne'er-do-weel.' He remained a Salvationist as long as I stayed in Edinburgh. Don't know whether he's still living, but if he isn't, he's with God to-day," concluded my friend.

The achievements of our Salvationist lassies have been broadcast many times, and well they might, for there are still a few bigoted folks around who would belittle women's work in public. There are many thousands of converted people, however—apart from Salvationists—who own women as their spiritual mothers. God-speed them in their noble work of soul-winning.—Mere Man.

TWENTY-ONE MILES OF BABIES

Do you know that a line twenty-one miles long would be made if all the babies who have been born in connection with the Mothers' Hospital since its opening, were stood in file—and most of them can stand now! Or if they all lived in one community, its population—55,403—would equal that of towns like Oxford and Cambridge.

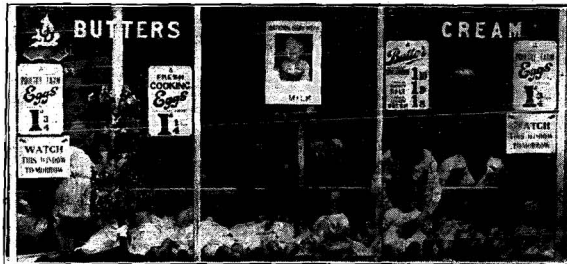
This was the fascinating way in which "figures" were introduced at the London Hospital Annual Garden Party and Sale of Work recently.

Other most interesting statistics (in view of Baby Week) were given by Brigadier Didden, the Finance Secretary, at the request of the

greater admiration," said the Chief of the Staff, "than that carried on in this important and Christ-like institution. We are truly thankful that in this tremendous Organization of mercy and love encircling the globe, there has never been a time of greater desire for the uplifting of souls, by whatever means, than to-day."

Mrs. Mapp also spoke with warm friendliness in declaring the Sale open.

In ideal weather, the flower-bordered, tree-shaded greenward flowing all round and the bungalows looked charmingly attractive, not only to the visitors, but to many



A Baby Show in a shop window. How an enterprising Dairy in London drew attention to National Baby Week in Great Britain

Matron, and the Chief of the Staff and Mrs. Mapp, with many visitors, including Lt.-Colonel (Doctor) and Mrs. Turner, listened with obvious appreciation to the address.

"For no class of work have I a

of the patients who, through the open French windows, enjoyed the music of Cambridge Heath Band, and the sight of the gay stalls and tea-tables. And, of course, there were babies everywhere!—British "War Cry."

WAYS WITH JELLIES

Always rinse moulds in cold water. Add rather less liquid when making fruit Jellies, as a firmer jelly is required to bear the weight of the fruit. To make a mould have some cool but liquid jelly, pour it into the mould (previously rinsed with cold water), keep it on crushed ice and turn it round and round, so that the jelly runs over every

portion and in time forms a thin, smooth glaze all over the mould.

To chop jelly for decoration, have it rather stiff; turn it on to a sheet of wotted paper, and chop it quickly and lightly but not too small, with a sharp, clean knife.

Jelly that has started to stiffen can be whipped like cream—the usual way, or pile up on a glass dish in a rocky mountain and decorated suitably.

RULES FOR MISTRESSES

How to Treat a Maid

Obtain a good maid. Show her what is expected. Trust her to do it. Don't interfere. Give praise for work well done. Do not encourage idleness or bearing.

Don't make any promises you can not keep.

It is just as well, in engaging a maid, not to promise too many privileges. That is not to say that she shall not have them, but to fall once or twice in what you have promised may cause a good deal of bitterness while extra pleasures and privileges will bring a real glow of appreciation to the heart of the right kind of girl. It is so much better to be better than your word than to be not quite as good as your word.

There may be mutual agreements as to the changing of a day out, of course, but I know of one mistress (in a home where one or other must always be in) who never, in any circumstances, accepts an invitation for her maid's day out. She does not say, "I'll just see if Maggie would mind changing to another day." She says simply, "I'm sorry I can't possibly go." If she changed sometimes it would, of course, be only fair to allow Maggie to change sometimes, too. Sometimes it might not be convenient in their case, and the change would be made with inward irritation, or it would be refused, possibly with outward irritation.

All such friction undermines the feeling of good-will between mistress and maid, and I'm inclined to think that this mistress is wise.

"Trust her to do it," and "Don't interfere" are wonderfully good rules. You may say indignantly, "Interference in my own house!"

Yes, but why do girls prefer to work for men? They would probably be quickly dismissed if things were not satisfactory, but there is no interference in little things, no constant following-up, and nagging.

A woman who is very successful in retaining maids in what looks like adverse circumstances, gave as one of her explanations that she gave her instructions in the morning, and at the same time her criticism of anything that was not properly done the day before. She never "kept at" a girl with complaints and criticisms.

BACK TO THE OLD HOME

Perhaps some fifty years ago

It was, I went away.
Whose heart was young and gay?
The sleepy town lay as one dead,
The house walls close and small.
I felt the wind sweep past my head
And heard the great world call.
The morn came creeping, early morn
Warmed the soft light of dawn,
And those who in the village woke
Forgot that I had gone.

Oh, all my dreams were golden dreams

And they have all come true,
But all the gold is gilt it seems
And all the roses rue.

So I've come back to this one place
That once I called my home;
The people gaze upon my face
They see my name in fame's long run.
Proudly they shout and cry:
"I laugh, to think they do not know
That I came home to die."

—Alice Huntley.

Left-Over Meat Pie

Cut left-over meat and vegetables into uniform medium-sized pieces. Mix with an equal amount of medium cream sauce (1 cup milk, 2 tablespoons butter). Season well with onion, salt, pepper, etc. (Use left-over gravy with cream sauce if possible.) Cover with a thick pie crust—biscuit dough, or layer of left-over mashed potato mixed with milk (one slightly beaten egg can be added to potato if desired). Bake in moderate oven until the crust is cooked, or until browned and heated through if potato is used.

From All Quarters of the Globe

A Survey of Current Thought & Events

AN INDIAN TRAGEDY

THE BAD EFFECT of sudden wealth on a tribe of Indians on whose reservation oil was discovered is revealed in a letter written by a resident of Oklahoma. The writer says:

"The Osage Indians made some little progress up till about 1918, at which time their income from oil became substantial, and from that time on it has just been one tragedy after another. Their money has been squandered, their health wrecked, their morals debauched, and they know not what happiness and contentment are. There is hardly a family in the tribe that has not felt the hand of violent death in some manner, and I would hesitate to write the percentage that are suffering from disease, drunkenness and dope."

"These people have all the instincts of peace and love and honor, and I have been personally acquainted with some of the older ones who were wonderful characters, who were honorable and upright citizens; but with the passing of these old-timers is gone honor and uprightness, health, happiness and beauty. Their money has brought, not happiness, but misery and degradation."

NEW LIFE FOR NAZARETH

A DELEGATION from Nazareth recently waited on the British Consul, asking that ancient and decaying Nazareth be rehabilitated. Small and unimportant when Christ taught in the synagogue there, Nazareth went through many vicissitudes. Of some consequence about the time of Constantine it dwindled to a mere village when the Mohammedans conquered it. The Crusaders tried to make Nazareth a place worthy of its associations, but when the Franks were finally driven out of Palestine, the town was again reduced to a place of no importance. In the 17th century the Franciscans established themselves at Nazareth and since then it has enjoyed a certain prosperity, attaining a population of nearly 15,000, of whom 10,000 are Christians. At the foot of the town lie the modern agricultural holdings established by the Zionists from one end of the plain of Esdraelon to the other.

CRAB GRABBED PURSE

WHEN a thrifty Dutchman recently dropped his purse overboard from the Ymuiden trawler he sorrowfully said good-bye to it. Purses falling into Davy Jones' locker usually stay there. But this purse fell into the clutches of a crab, which, though unable to find in it anything of value to a crab, kept it tightly clenched in its claws. It may have been this very greed which was the crab's undoing. At any rate, it was not agile enough in getting out of the way of a Grimsby trawler's net, and it was caught purse and all. That is the end of the story so far as the crab is concerned. The Grimsby trawler's owner, more inquiring than the crustacean, found an address inside the purse, and restored it to its owner in Holland.

A SURPRISE FOR THE RUBBER WORLD

SOMETHING NEW in rubber plants has been discovered by Dr. C. F. Swingle in Madagascar, and many of the plants are now growing in America, where they are likely to be widely cultivated.

The plant is one of the most remarkable producers of rubber ever known, for the latex it gives needs no labor spending on it, the rubber separating itself out on exposure to air. Long gashes are cut in the bark of the tree, and the next day the strips of rubber formed over them are just peeled away.



FALLACIES CONCERNING ANIMALS

STRANGE, is it not, how certain fallacies in regard to animals become so closely embedded in the human mind? (writes David Lee Wharton in Capper's Weekly). Many who are really fond of animals and should know better, still cherish these illusions. For example, it is commonly believed that it is from choice that animals upon the approach of death steal away to die alone. Now any one who has soothed the last moments of a loved and loving sub-human friend, walked with him to the gates of death, and watched them close upon him, knows that an animal longs for the companionship of his loved ones in the hour of death as much as does any human. Wild animals who have no human friends seek seclusion, perhaps, in order to avoid vultures, or the cannibalistic of their own kind. And, speaking of death among animals, what becomes of the thousands of sparrows which must die annually in large cities?

An Unusual Sight

Only after a severe storm or terribly cold period is a dead bird seen on city streets. Even in the woods a dead bird is an unusual sight. There is an old legend which affirms that birds do not die, but are borne away to Heaven while alive. At any rate, it is a rare thing to come across a bird which has died of itself.

Another queer idea is that animal

faces are inexpressive. Why, no face on earth is so capable of registering astonishment as that of a dog! His look of amazement is, at times, so exaggerated as to be ludicrous. Consider the expression of fatuous complacency upon the face of a (supposedly) fierce bulldog or blaze Thomas cat when being fondled and flattered. The dog, especially, is a pantomimist par excellence. Curiosity, contrition, in fact, almost every emotion is portrayed without effort.

Domestic Animals

A bear when living among men and treated with kindness, acquires such a human expression as to be uncanny. And what a fine fellow is a bear, and how little understood! One of the most companionable of beasts.

Domestic animals are said to become more attached to places than to persons. In rare instances this is true, but not as a rule. To the average household animal home is where the "Bos" is. In the days before every family owned its car it was not unusual to see, chained to the seat of a moving van, beside the driver, a weebegone canine. Moving day has its terrors for him as well as the rest of the family. The new domicile may not be as much to his liking as the old home, but he proceeds to make himself as comfortable and happy as possible.

Still another mistaken idea is that animals do not care for cleanliness. Every animal is happier when clean, even those who dislike water. Cats and monkeys, as heartily as they detest a washing, are delightfully comfortable and happy after a forcible bath.

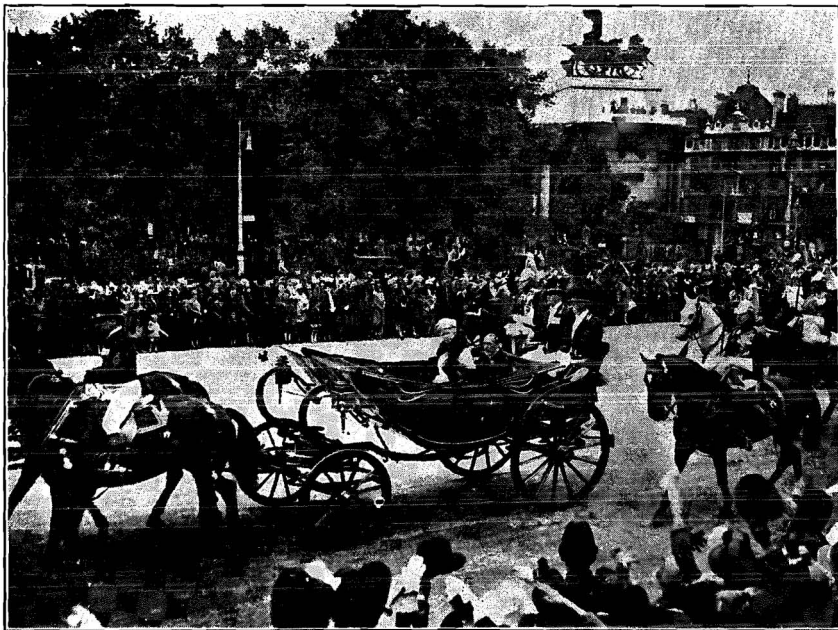
Even the sparrow, who is no dandy, as is the sleek and well-groomed mockingbird, will bathe at every opportunity. Watch the sparrows gather and enjoy a "shower" when the sprinkler is left going on the lawn. The canary, of course, must have his bath daily.

The majority of people firmly believe that dogs understand only tones and gestures, and not the words themselves. Any one who talks with dogs and not merely to them, will smile at this assertion. Mention, even casually, dogs or cats in the hearing of a dog, in the language to which he is accustomed, and see his instant interest, but speak of them as emphatically as you please in a foreign language, and he pays no attention, simply because he does not understand the words.

Cruel and Unjust

One of the most cruel and unjust of fallacies in regard to animals is that they are incapable of mental suffering. Never a day glides into eternity but bears the life of at least one "beast" who has died of a broken heart.

That domestic animals are able to provide food and shelter for themselves is another pernicious delusion. Where can a dog or cat find refuge from the elements with every garage and cellar dog locked, or food, with every morsel cast into a garbage can and closely covered? How little time and effort it would cost to put the edible scraps in a pan, or even upon a paper, and place it where some hungry waif could get it!



The King's return to London. Acclaimed by thousands of his subjects, His Majesty, with the Queen, drove through London's main thoroughfares to Buckingham Palace. The picture shows the scene at Hyde Park Corner



VICTORY WINNING ON THE FIELD



UNITED FOR SERVICE Captain Eva McKay and Captain Donald Ford Become Life- Partners

A very interesting event took place in the Halifax Citadel on June 20th, when Captain Eva McKay and Captain Donald Ford were united in matrimony. Lieutenant Ethel Ford and Bandsman Donald Dewling supported the happy couple. Brigadier Tilley conducted the ceremony. Commandant Wells also took part in the service.

The bridal party entered the Hall and took their places on the platform, which was tastefully decorated, to the strains of a march played by the Band. Commandant Wells opened the service with "Come, let us all unite to sing"; prayer was offered by Recruiting-Sergeant McKay, father of the bride. Commandant Richardson read a suitable Bible portion, after which the ceremony was performed. Immediately after, the Band rendered a selection, during which little Joan Sullivan presented the bride with a beautiful bouquet.

Representative speakers included Commandant Wells, Sergeant-Major Mills, the bridesmaid and best man, and also the bride and groom. Adjutant Bosher read a number of telegrams, among them being one from Commissioner and Mrs. Maxwell, Colonel and Mrs. Henry and Brigadier and Mrs. MacDonald.

After the ceremony a reception was held at the home of the bride's parents. Good wishes follow our comrades to their new appointment at Timmins, Ont.—R. N. M.

Bombarding the Villages

SHERBROOKE (Captain Lorimer, Lieutenant Knaap).—The new Officers, Captain Lorimer and Lieutenant Knaap feel quite at home in Sherbrooke already. The welcome meetings were well attended. Thursday night meetings are going in full swing, and several comrades have testified to blessings received in these gatherings. Quite recently several persons requested the prayers of the comrades. Extra Open-air are being held in the neighboring towns and villages as well as in our own city. Staff-Captain Keith conducted the meetings on Sunday, July 14th. A late Open-air was led by the Staff-Captain after the Salvation meeting, and a splendid crowd listened. The Band and Male Voice Party did good service during the day, and their efforts were greatly appreciated. Captain Lorimer has taken over the leadership of the Band.

Corps Brevities

HER FIRST VISIT

KENTVILLE (Captain Walker, Lieutenant Jardine).—On Tuesday, July 16th, we received a visit from our new Divisional Young People's Secretary. This was her first visit to the Corps. Christ came to the heart of a young woman. Pratie God!

FAITHFUL SERVICE

WINDSOR (Sergeant and Mrs. Cobham).—On Sunday night, June 23rd, we held the 11th branches of the Officers' Adjutant and Mrs. Kirbyson, who have worked faithfully in our midst for the past two years. Especially will be missed in all branches of the Y.P. Work. A number of the comrades spoke of the help and blessing these Officers had been. We feel God will bless them in their new appointment.

The following Sunday was the welcome of our new Officers, Captain and Mrs. Cobham.—C.R.S.

OFFICER'S SON DEDICATED

YARMOUTH (Ensign and Mrs. Mills).—On Saturday and Sunday, July 13-14th, we welcomed Brigadier Tilley, from Halifax. His messages were of much inspiration and blessing. Sunday night he dedicated the son of Ensign and Mrs. Mills. Before the dedication Captain Penwarden sang a solo. At the close of the meeting two others were found at the Mercy-seat.—C.C. P. Goudry.

CO-OPERATING WITH NEW LEADERS

OTTAWA III (Commandant and Mrs. Davis).—Since the arrival of our new Officers we have had some blessed seasons of refreshing from the Lord. On their first Sunday Corps Sergt.-Major Cottle and other Locals assured them of the hearty co-operation of every branch of the Corps. There were two seekers in the night meeting. Week-night meetings are being well attended. On Saturday, July 6th, we held two Open-air at Westboro which were greatly appreciated. Fourteen Bandsmen were present and rendered valuable assistance. Sunday, July 7th was a day of blessing to all. Brother Findlay, who cycled twenty miles each way to be present stirred every one by his whole-souled testimonies. At night there were two more seekers at the Mercy-seat. Monday night's meeting was led by Candidate Winnie Hearn, assisted by the Corps Cadet Brigade and Young People's Band.—One of them.

Right at Home

RICHMOND HILL (Captain Royle, Lieutenant McCombe).—On June 30th, we welcomed Captain Royle and Lieutenant McCombe. An Open-air was held, after which a meeting was conducted in Corps Sergeant-Major Butler's home, as we cannot use our Hall during the week. The meeting was very lively and our Soldiers testified. Both the Captain and Lieutenant said they felt right at home already. The Sunday meetings, conducted by the Captain and Lieutenant, were of much blessing to all, and several went away under conviction.—P. Robinson.



The Dundas Corps Cadet Brigade, with Ensign and Mrs. Knaap, former Corps Officers, and Corps Cadet Guardian Sister Mrs. Forwell. The Brigade is a valuable asset to the Corps

Officers Welcomed

SAULT STE. MARIE II (Captain and Mrs. Calvert).—We recently said good-bye to Adjutant and Mrs. Lutton, who have worked faithfully with us for the past two years, and we have welcomed Captain and Mrs. Calvert. The welcome meeting was conducted on Thursday evening by Ensign Waters, of No. 1 Corps and a large crowd attended.

The meetings on Sunday were conducted by the Captain, and we rejoiced over two seekers for Holiness in the morning, and two young people at night. Tuesday evening a welcome Tea was given by members of the Home League. Words of welcome were afterwards spoken by different Locals.

CONVICTED IN OPEN-AIR

KIRKLAND LAKE (Captain Paddie, Lieutenant Leggett).—On July 14th good meetings were held, and at night one person knelt and found mercy at the Mercy-seat. Words of welcome were very great. The seeker mentioned was first convicted while listening to an Open-air meeting, and others are being attracted to our meetings through them.

A MAN FINDS SALVATION IN THE PARK

RIVERDALE (Ensign and Mrs. Falle).—In the absence of our Officers, the Band was in charge of the week-end services. Right from the Saturday Open-air till 9.30 p.m. Sunday in Riverdale Park, the Bandsmen were hard at work. In the Sunday morning Open-air the single Bandsmen and married men divided and every one of the "younger end" took part in their Open-air. The Holiness meeting was conducted by Treasurer A. Knight, the lesson being given by Y.P. Band-Leader Scott.

In the afternoon park service music and song was the chief feature, and Captain Wiseman and Brigadier Bloss took part. The Salvation meeting was conducted by the Bandmaster, assisted by Bandsman S. McLelland who took the lesson.

To finish the day we spent a glorious hour and a half in Riverdale Park, when fully 1,500 people were around the Open-air and hundreds more within "striking" distance of the music. While the Band was finishing up with the old hymn, "Lead Kindly Light" a man volunteered from the crowd and knelt in the centre of the ring. Immediately several men in the crowd doffed their hats and we bowed our heads in prayer. It was a sight never to be forgotten and I believe made a deep impression on the people, showing to them that the Army is still in the business of saving souls at any time and place. The Bandsmen went home tired, but grateful to God for making them instrumental in winning one soul and impressing many others.—J.W.

A TRAINING GARRISON WEEK-END

FENELON FALLS (Adjutant and Mrs. Crowe).—What might be termed a Training Garrison week-end was conducted by Staff-Captain Frank Ham, assisted by Lieutenant McLean and Sergeant M. Bursley, last week. The week-end was of especial interest to the three Candidates who expect to enter the Training Garrison in the coming session. By the way, we wonder if there is another village in the Dominion of Canada or Newfoundland of eight hundred people where an Army Corps is in operation, who will be giving so liberally of "flesh and blood" for the cause of Christ in this manner?

The first engagement of the week-end for the visiting party was held at Bobcaygeon. Here a large crowd listened attentively to the striking object lesson given by the three visiting Officers. This weekly Open-air is greatly looked forward to by townsmen and villagers. At Fenelon Falls the largest crowd of the season paid marked attention to the earnest appeals of visiting Officers and local comrades.

The series of meetings on Sunday were full of interest and blessing to the splendid crowds that attended. Object lessons were given at each of the Young People's meetings. Adjutant and Mrs. Parker, of Greenburg, Pa., U.S.A., said good-bye after spending their furlough here. The Adjutant was given appreciated assistance to the Band during his furlough. Many of the visiting Officers who are furloughing in the locality rallied to our help in the Open-air and inside meetings.

The late Sunday night meeting was attended by some sixty comrades and Officers.

Staff-Captain Ham stated that he was a Modernist in that he possessed a modern, up-to-date testimony; he believed in a doctrine that would meet the needs of modern people.

On Monday night we were pleased to have Major Raven and Ensign Dunkley, who had been specialising at Lindsay.

The Songsters Fill the Breach

EARLSCOURT (Ensign and Mrs. Warrander).—In the absence of our Corps Officers who are away on furlough, the Songsters, led by Songster-Leader Boys, took charge of the meetings this last week-end. It was a day not only of inspiration but of surprise and discovery of talent.

In the morning meeting Sergeant Sibbick and Songster-Secretary Was took charge. Songster Stag led in prayer at the opening. Songster Mrs. Boys and Mrs. Higgins gave definite testimonies, and Corps Cadet Brown lined out a song. The Songsters then sang and the Band played a number of old hymn tunes. Songster Secretary Was delivered a very convincing address. In the afternoon the meeting was held in the Earlscourt Park, and large crowds attended.

At night the Songster-Leader played the meeting in all the services both young and old members were in action. Songster Fairbanks prayed at night, and Corps Cadet Lodge knelt out a song; the veterans would hardly do better! Testimonies were given by Songster Songster Is Petrie and Jones. Then Songster Is asked for the offering. One could tell she was a daughter of the regiment! The Songsters and Band rendered selections, after which Ensign Adby addressed the meeting, her words bringing blessing to all.

Good Crowd in Spite of Rain

DIGBY (Ensign Williams, Lieutenant Eacott).—Major Eastwell, our Divisional Young People's Secretary, was with us on Saturday and Sunday, July 13th and 14th. Good crowds listened attentively to our open-air meetings on Saturday night. On Sunday morning the Major's message intensified our desire to be saved. The Salvation meeting was well attended in spite of heavy rain. Sister Waumbolt, a former Officer of this Corps, visited us on July 7th. We rejoiced in the return of one backslider.

AN ENJOYABLE EVENING

PRESCOTT (Captain Payne, Lieutenant Smith).—On Friday evening, July 5th, we held a social, and an enjoyable evening was spent. A short program was rendered, and the result of the effort was pleasing, socially and financially.—Corps Corres.

HOLDING OUR OWN

CHATHAM (Ensign and Mrs. Mundy).—Though in the midst of the holiday season we are holding our own. Recent visitors were Ensigns Dunkley and Chapman, and also Envoy Rogers.

A "DON QUIXOTE OF RELIGION"

(Continued from page 9)

COMMISSIONER HODDER

Pays a Visit to Toronto Temple, Where the FIELD SECRETARY Leads Sunday's Campaign

Commissioner Henry Hodder was a welcome visitor to the Toronto Temple on Sunday morning, July 21st. The Commissioner is one of The Army's veteran officers, and has reached retirement after seeing service in the United Kingdom, Holland, Japan, New Zealand and Canada West. At present he is living in California.

Despite the fact that it is the holiday-season, a particularly fine crowd turned out to hear the Commissioner. The service was led by the Field Secretary, who was assisted by Colonel Noble, whose personal testimony was a means of blessing to many.

The Temple Band and Songsters were on hand, assisting with the songs and also rendering helpful selections.

A heart-to-heart talk, an instructive exposition of the story of Daniel's steadfast faith and persistent devotion at the time when he was forbidden to worship Jehovah, was brought to us by the Commissioner.

In an interesting and sketchy manner he drew a number of pertinent lessons from this Old Testament story. He showed the value of determination when one is in the right, and the danger there is in reaching that place where progress is deemed impossible.

The Band and comrades of the Temple Corps held their weekly Open-air in the Allan Gardens in the afternoon. Colonel Morehen led the service, whilst throngs of eager listeners crowded about the ring, and listened to the Salvation message in song and music.

The Field Secretary was again to the front in the Salvation meeting. Bright singing characterized this gathering, and a few moments were devoted to personal testimonies, which were listened to with rapt attention.

The Colonel also read a poem he had received from an anonymous writer, which spoke in loving and appreciative terms of the late Mrs. Morehen. It appears below.

Following the Field Secretary's pointed message and appeal, a well-fought Prayer-meeting was held in which two seekers came to the Cross.

"THERE IS NO NIGHT"

The following verses were sent to Colonel Morehen by a comrade who wrote them after attending the Memorial service for his glorified wife.

"The very wise counsel of the late Mrs. Morehen and yourself" adds this comrade, "has helped me to 'Stand fast . . . in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free, and not be entangled again with the yoke of bondage.'"

*She did not die,
Just fell asleep.
So still thy heart,
No longer weep.
Her Heavenly light,
Is shining bright
In the City of God,
There is no night.*

*"Guided by Thee,"
I hear her sing,
"I'm going home,
With Christ, my King;
A crown of life,
Is mine, so bright,
In the City of God,
There is no night."*

*"Don't you be long,"
I hear her say;
"Oh look for you
On that glorious day;
There is no death,
All will be bright,
Safe with my Lord,
There is no night."*

SEVENTEEN SEEKERS
SYDNEY MINES (Ensign and Mrs. Mercer) — During the last two weeks seventeen seekers have sought and found Christ, nine young folk and eight adults. To God be all the glory!

India and Ceylon, which appointment he held for a further twelve years.

In 1906, he married Lt.-Colonel Minnie Reid, daughter of the late Lesctock Reid, I.C.S., Acting-Governor of Bombay. Ill-health eventually necessitated the Commissioner's return to England in 1919.

In recognition of his splendid services in India, the Kaiser-I-Hind Gold Medal "for public service" was conferred upon him by the King, in 1913. It was a gracious honor, and well-deserved.

A Warrior Till the Last

In 1920 Commissioner Booth-Tucker was appointed to the Order of the Founder. General Bramwell Booth, referring to the Commissioner, said, "He is one of the most remarkable examples we have of how high his brain and position and high standing in life can absorb the Salvationist spirit. I regard him as one of the most powerful minds in The Salvation Army world."

Since their retirement, Commissioner and Mrs. Booth-Tucker have been actively engaged in Army warfare. Even within a few hours of his passing, this noble Christian gentleman and Salvationist had been at grips with the enemy, having just concluded a week-end in the Belgian Capital, which followed a strenuous series of Congress gatherings in Latvia and Estonia, where 268 seekers were registered.

With Mrs. Booth-Tucker, the Commissioner had just returned to London from leading Finland's 38th Congress, when the unexpected Call came.

Fakir Singh, as he will long be remembered by thousands — Commissioner Booth-Tucker, as thousands more will remember him—has passed to his Reward, leaving behind a world the brighter and better for his having been in it. Truly, as his biographer has said, there was in his heart "nothing more than a great love for humanity and the simple faith of a little child."

"He was such a man who founds no empires and bequeaths no throne, but who leaves behind him a memory of the noblest virtue and the purest heroism."

THE REPORTER'S TRIBUTE

Let others tell of Commissioner Booth-Tucker's great exploits which are written large in The Army's history book; here is a story of two of his unrecorded deeds, two of thousands of doubtless could be told of those out-of-sight little acts which often delineate a man's character, portrait with truer touch than the actions performed in the public gaze.

About eight years ago, a young reporter in the British Editorial Department, than an Ensign, was sent by Commissioner Kitching to Scandinavia to report for "The War Cry" the Congress gatherings conducted by Commissioner and Mrs. Booth-Tucker in Sweden and to get similar copy from Norway.

cancelled sin," as soon as the General had lined it out. A grand opening to the Mammoth Festival.

Commissioner Jeffries thanked God for a great day and a happy, and declared that the future would be the more inspiring as the Salvationists marched forward to win the world to the Saviour's feet.

The message which had been received from His Majesty the King in reply to the greeting sent from the morning assembly, was read by the Chief.

The audience which had stood to listen to the King's words then sang, to the Massed Band's accompaniment, the National Anthem. A moment later the great crowd was again upstanding while the majesty of the "Hallelujah Chorus" thrilled all with its immense triumphs.

Announced by the Chief of the Staff, Commissioner John Cunningham read an appropriate Scripture

The Ensign crossed the North Sea in the same boat as the Congress leaders. It was a calm evening when the shores of England vanished in the distant haze; but in the morning the sea was aboil. The two veteran warriors were seasoned travellers; the reporter was not.

The burden of the coming Congress was heavy upon the Commissioner and he was busy preparing mind and heart for his great responsibilities. But he had missed the Ensign from the breakfast table and evidently well knew what was amiss.

To the young Officer's surprise and no little embarrassment, his cabin door opened and in came the great Missionary chieftain, who from childhood he had learned to revere and regard almost with awe. The kindly eyes of the Commissioner were all amiable as he enquired, "Well, how are you feeling?" and without waiting for the obvious reply, added, "Here, I must get you some tea and toast; that will make you feel better." Away he went, the Ensign hoping he would send the steward with the revivifying beverage.

But no! In he presently came with a small tray which he left with the encouraging remark, "We shall soon be in sight of land; it will be calmer then."

Many times he came down during the day, until evening brought land and relief.

An Unreported Meeting

And what about those great Congress gatherings when he spoke to the vast crowds? Yes; but these have been fully recorded. Let me tell you of one meeting which was not reported.

Landing at Esbjerg, in Denmark, it was found that there was an hour or two to wait for the railway connection. The Commissioner soon discovered from the Corps Officer who was on hand that a Young People's meeting was in progress at the Hall, and to the surprise and unbounded delight of the young folks, who saw The Army's Missionary hero for the first time, he marched in upon them. Nor did he treat the occasion lightly; he spoke to his little audience as earnestly as if he were addressing the massed legions of The Army's young warriors, pouring out his great soul upon them with as much fervor as he afterwards addressed the immense audience in Gothenburg and Gevle.

But powerful as were these Swedish Congress gatherings, impressive as were the Commissioner's utterances, the reporter's note book contains a private note, which he now records here, that the most powerful sermon of any the valiant-hearted warrior preached was on board that North Sea packet to an audience of one, and in the little port of Esbjerg, when he taught the young Officer the lessons of humility, the power of kindly deeds, and the value of the soul of a child.—B.C.

portion and called for clean hands in the service of God.

In turn the Bands of Penge, Middleboro, Boscombe, Aberdeen, Chalk Farm, and Gloucester, the chosen solo Bands, played inspiring items. The united Young People's Band was also on the program.

That there is power in Salvation song unadorned was proved by the playing of "The Founder's Songs," by the massed Bands.

Who are blowing? "The Heavenly Gales are blowing," with which the Selection closed, Gloucester Band was quite a miniature music-box affair after the foregoing volume of sound.

More Songs of Salvation, in testimony this time, came from the Staff Band, and then the crowd stood to sing, "Praise God I'm saved!" and, with a parting demonstration of love to the General, went home to talk for months of this grand "C.P." Day.



July 12th marked the 41st Anniversary of the entry to the Training Garrison of Lt.-Colonel DesBrisay, Territorial Women's Social Secretary. A four-month term as a Cadet preceded her first appointment. She has rendered splendid service throughout the years, and many owe their spiritual standing to her ministry.

We also extend congratulations to Mrs. Colonel Hargrave, who completed fifty years of service as an Officer in The Army on July 25th. Mrs. Hargrave entered the work in the Old Land in 1879.

Brigadier Byers, Secretary for Prisons, was recently unanimously elected by the Mayor and Controllers, to the Toronto Mothers' Allowance Board.

Captain Fisher, of the Men's Social Department, Windsor, who was recently injured in a motor accident, is now convalescent and will be shortly taking his furlough.

Lt.-Colonel Sims, the Men's Social Secretary, recently conducted the funeral of Brother Paddock, a worker in the Toronto Industrial plant.

At mid-night, Sunday, July 21st, fire broke out in the St. John I Quarters, damaging the upper floor and the ceiling and walls of the main floor. Ensign and Mrs. Ellis were away at the time at The Army's Scout Camp.

Captain and Mrs. Frank Tilley welcomed a baby boy to their home on July 17th. Congratulations!

Week-end visits to the following Corps have been planned for the Men's Staff of the Training Garrison: Uxbridge, August 3rd and 4th (Sergeants Smith and Bursery); Oakville, August 10th and 11th (Sergeant Smith, Lieutenant McLean); Newmarket, August 17th and 18th (Sergeant Smith, Lieutenant McLean); Mount Dennis, August 24th and 25th (Sergeants Smith and Bursery). In addition to the week-ends planned, week-night meetings are included in the Field activities.

35,000 SALVATIONISTS AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE

(Continued from page 5)

unforgettable experience of a life-time.

We must give a little space to a description of this great climactic event, which we take from the British "War Cry."

A burst of music! Every Bandman was on his feet, every instrument at the ready and a long, glad chord, lasting fully a minute, pealed through the hall. The "big noise" in very truth! A happy welcome to the General for the last gathering of the day! Came was the vari-colored mass upon which we had been gazing during the last half hour; in its place had miraculously sprung up what appeared to be a mighty bastion, a defensive bulwark, even an attacking array, composed of a glittering aggregation of silver, grouped considerably according to instrumentation. The men were hidden behind those banks of basses, trombones in the many teents, came a collection tremendous—and all sounding forth the wonder of that old verse, "He breaks the power of

THE "BACK HOME HOUR"

RICHMOND HILL (Captain Royle, Lieutenant McCombs)—The week-end meetings on July 6th and 7th were conducted by Sergeant Bursey and Lieutenant McLean, from the Training Garrison. An inspiring Holiness meeting was held Sunday morning. Three Open-air took place in the afternoon and one before meeting at night. The meeting was led by Sergeant Bursey, with the help of Captain and Mrs. Ashby. While it was in progress a man was attracted by the singing and came and stood near the top of the stairs. He was spoken to regarding his soul. He was deeply convicted of sin and said if unable to get relief would do something desperate; prayers were offered but he would not come into the Hall.

We closed the day with one soul at the Mercy-seat and a red-hot Open-air at the Radial station which is known to the people of Richmond Hill as the "Back Home Hour."—Corps Cadet P. Robinson.

Requested to Come Again

MIDLAND (Commandant and Mrs. Graves)—Midland Corps is doing very nicely under the leadership of Commandant and Mrs. Graves. On Thursday the Band held two Open-air at Port McNicol and had attentive crowds, especially at the bunk houses, where the men requested the Band to come again. On Sunday we had good crowds all day. The Open-air were well attended. We had a visit from Field-Major Mercer. At the close we had the joy of seeing two at the Mercy-seat.—H. Bates.

Furloughing Officers Assist

MOUNT FOREST (Captain Simpson and Lieutenant Poulton)—Record crowds attended both the Open-air and indoor services last week, and many spoke of the blessings received. We had with us some furloughing Officers for both our Soldiers' meeting and the Sunday meetings. Their testimonies brought help and inspiration.—"Nick."

Comrades "Hold On" When Band Away

DANFORTH (Captain and Mrs. Jolly)—Our new Officers received a hearty and enthusiastic welcome, and we look forward with confidence to many victories being won for our Lord. After each Sunday night meeting, a musical service is conducted in Withrow Park, and the Gospel message is borne to many hearts by music and song in this manner. The Young People's Corps recently conducted a very successful lawn social and their annual picnic, held last week, was acclaimed as one of the best and most enjoyable Danforth has had. Last Sunday the Band visited a nearby town accompanied by Captain Jolly; Mrs. Jolly "carried on" the services at the Corps, being ably assisted by the Songster Brigade and the comrades; much blessing was experienced.—Corps Corres.

Public Welcome in Park

OWEN SOUND (Adjutant and Mrs. Kitson)—We have welcomed our new Officers, Adjutant and Mrs. Kitson. Several representatives of the Corps spoke at the welcome meeting. The Adjutant said that the late Officers, Ensign and Mrs. Gage, had laid a solid foundation upon which he desired to keep building. On the following Sunday night a great public welcome was given our Officers in the park. The chair was taken by the ex-Mayor, and several ministers, together with a number of other admirers of The Army, spoke of the good work being done in Owen Sound. The Band, which is advancing under the leadership of Bandmaster W. Iles, rendered music in the park.—C. C. E. Iles.

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COLONEL SCOTT (R)

Revisits Woodstock, Ont.

WOODSTOCK, Ont. (Commandant and Mrs. Woolfrey)—We have said good-bye to Adjutant and Mrs. Kitson, who have commanded the Corps for the past two years, and they have left behind a host of warm friends, both in and outside the ranks. The welcome meetings for Commandant and Mrs. Woolfrey were well attended.

Last Sunday we were pleased to have Colonel Scott (R.), of San Francisco, conduct our Holiness meeting and afternoon Park meeting. The Colonel recalled his departure, forty-five years ago, from this Corps, for the Training Garrison, and the man who helped him to the station was in the meeting, in the person of Brother McLeod, who was then and is now a real Salvationist. The Colonel's brother, who was among the first party to open fire in Woodstock, was also with us. We cannot help but admire these veterans, and Woodstock Corps has many to be proud of.

The evening service took the form of a Memorial to our late General, Bramwell Booth. The Hall was suitably decorated and special music was rendered by the Band and Songsters. The Life-Saving Guards attended in a body and sang a favorite old song.—Corres. M. Pilfrey.

Carry the War to the Outposts

TWEED (Captain Barrett, Lieutenant Greenshields)—On June 27th we bade farewell to Ensign Taylor and Captain Allen, who have labored amongst us for the past two years. We have welcomed into our midst Captain Barrett and Lieutenant Greenshields, who have taken up the work with a zeal that speaks well for the future of our Corps. They will be a wonderful help to our little Band; the Captain is leading the Band. We have been visiting some of our Outposts, where the messages and the music have been greatly appreciated.—Robert D. Rodgers, Corps Corres.

New Officers Welcomed

MIMICO (Captain Ireland, Lieutenant Haskell)—On a recent Thursday we welcomed our new leaders, Captain Ireland and Lieutenant Haskell. Since their advent to our Corps much has been accomplished. Many who were discouraged and disheartened have again buckled on their armor. The new Officers are especially interested in the Young People. We are arranging for the Guards to enjoy out-door parades instead of staying in the Hall.

COMING EVENTS

COLONEL MOREHEN: Haliburton, Sun., Aug. 4.

LT.-COLONEL McAMMOND: Fairbank, Sun., Aug. 4; Brock Avenue, Sun., Aug. 11; Wychwood, Sun., Aug. 15; Scarlett Plains, Sun., Aug. 25.

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CHAPTER III

Elizabeth's Soul's Dawning

PERHAPS the first thoughts which stirred Elizabeth's soul were when but four years of age, she listened to the Sabbath School teacher relate to the infant class the story of the crucifixion of our Lord.

The class room was painted a clean gray and had benches much the same as wide steps of a stair. About twenty-five or more could thus be accommodated. Miss Norman stood below and talked to the children who were in rows above her. She was a tall dark lady, with large expressive eyes, and a heavy coil of black hair fastened neatly to the back of her head. She was very wonderful and beautiful to the child Elizabeth who revered and loved her. On this particular Sunday Elizabeth stood up as was her wont, being too restless to sit down while the teacher talked. Miss Norman understood intuitively the restless temperament of the child and many times afterward Elizabeth has wondered and blessed her for this bit of license granted to her. On the Sabbath referred to, Miss Norman portrayed vividly the picture of Jesus hanging on Calvary's cross and when she related how Mary the mother of Jesus stood by beholding the agony of our Lord, Elizabeth broke down and sobbed convulsively. She cannot remember now, but there is no doubt that the teacher comforted her as efficiently as she had aroused the deep feelings of her pupil.

Read a Small Tract

Or perhaps her soul's awakening came one bright Winter afternoon late in February when standing by the dining-room window facing the West where the sun was setting gloriously, she read a small tract. It contained part of the twenty-fourth Psalm and read, "Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in. Who is this King of glory? The Lord, strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle. Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in. Who is this King of glory? The Lord of hosts, He is the King of Glory."

She gazed at the lovely heavens and in the child's imagination connected the gates with Heaven which was up in the sky, but she could not understand or give expression to all the glorious solemnity that was veiled in the words. She remembers, however, that to her soul there came an assurance that those doors were to be opened to her, and Jesus, the Lord would take her through the gates sometime.

Dr. Jas. L. Gordon, has said: "The most startling thing in human experience is the dawning of the first great thought."

A noted writer has said:
"We live in deeds, not years;
In thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time in heart-throbs,
He most lives, who thinks most,
Feels the noblest, acts the best."

CHAPTER IV

Advent of The Salvation Army

Elizabeth's life upon her father's farm developed and she became not only tall and strong, but grew mentally. The busy constant activity suited her restless temperament. She was exceedingly active and earnest in all her undertakings, and the life lived close to Nature and God's great out-of-doors, fanned the artistic and reverent flame of her soul.

Nothing suited her spirit better than to stand at the front door of their home and contemplate a thunder storm. The house faced the south, just down the sloping hillside a mile away rested the town, and beyond the town stretched the little bay and to the East and West the landscape stretched for miles. This particular spot seemed to attract the clouds and lightning and here the fury of the storm found vent. Most magnificent was the display of electricity and most awful the roll and peal of thunder, and the sudden clap following the chain lightning. Never a sense of fear oppressed

her. The more awful and majestic it was the more she revelled in it. It seemed to reveal to her the grandeur and power of the Almighty God.

Thirst for Divine Knowledge

It could not be said that at this time she was a converted girl. She had a love for religious exercises and a thirst for knowledge, more especially of God and things Divine. But she seemed to be habitually under conviction of sin, suffering from a sense of condemnation for things done she ought not to have, and also sadly conscious that her inclinations and tendencies were opposed to God and righteousness. Hers seemed to be a dual nature, capable of high heights of spiritual exaltation and again of depths of angry passion and hatred which alarmed her and caused her much misery and condemnation. As the years went on, she seemed to be alternately saved and backsliding, losing the assurance of sins forgiven, probably because of a fit of temper or strife with her sisters, and, sad to relate, in rebellion toward her mother.

Life at the farm became always increasingly busy. As the family increased, so also the farm added acres and horses and stock. Mr. Adams gave up the brick making and eventually made the cultivation of fruit a specialty. This entailed the necessity of extra help and the family circle became quite a large one. Hard work became the daily practice for all hands and from somewhere came an unexpressed thought that religion was work and work was religion. It was a much better education than to idly wait for good fortune to turn the wheel. In fact, it seemed to have a saving effect on this family, redeeming them from many snares into which the idle fall. Though George and Bessie, his wife, perforce missed much church going and spiritually lost valuable ground in the general building up of Christian character, yet it must be said that the system of stern adherence to a life of industry, brought its own compensation, and in justice to them it must be stated that in later years, when the children were old enough to be either taken with them or left at home and when clothing could be more easily procured, they became regular in their attendance at the house of God.

When Elizabeth was about nine years of age The Salvation Army invaded the peaceful church-going town of Barrie and surprised the population not a little. Elizabeth's elder sister, who seemed to do a great deal of enlightening of the child, explained to her that these deluded people, supposed they must march the streets and preach the Gospel because their Master and His disciples did thus. It was on a Saturday night that The Army "bombaraded" the town, and the following day sister took Elizabeth to the 7 a.m. Knee Drill. Beth was quivering with suppressed excitement, curiosity and interest. As they turned a corner they espied the Officers, three young men, walking smartly in the direction of an old vacated church where they were announced to hold the meetings. "That one is Captain Addie," explained the elder sister, "and the tall thin one is Captain Madden and the far one is Lieutenant Stacey."

Elizabeth gazed long and earnestly at the strange trio, and they in turn respectfully lifted their hats to the girls, presuming they were coming to the meeting. Their helmets were white and their guernseys red and both emblazoned with Scriptural truths. Their tunics and trousers were adorned with military braid. They looked glorious to the imaginative soul of Elizabeth and she longed, oh! so much, to possess a spirit of fighting for God such as these young men possessed.

The Army had a wonderful revival in the town. Most of the churches co-operated wholeheartedly with them. God blessed the people and soul-saving, religious parades and Open-air meetings seemed to be the order of the day for a time. Among the converts were many out-and-out sin-

ners, but also two doctors, a dentist and a merchant tailor. The Army was the talk and excitement of the place. Elizabeth was soon found at the Pentecost form receiving once more at the hands of her Lord complete pardon. She became an ardent Salvationist of the Junior Corps and gave her testimony and offered prayer in the meetings and was very happy. She lived for the Lord Jesus, read regularly her Bible and persevered in prayer. Although her life was often beset with real trials and temptations, she successfully combated them, winning great victories and was graciously owned and blessed by God. Oh! that it had continued. But alas, after some time had elapsed she began to slacken in her zeal.

An incident of importance occurred in one of The Army's meetings about this time. The Corps Officers were young women and godly indeed. The Lieutenant was peculiarly saintly and one Sunday afternoon she gave vent to the feelings of her soul. The work had become sadly discouraging.

The Lieutenant's text is forgotten, but part of her message will never be:

I was reading in my Bible and praying for our town, and while I prayed I heard a voice say: "Barrie is joined to her idols, leave her alone." The tears welled up to her eyes, her form shook and she sobbed, "Oh! Barrie is joined to her idols, leave her alone."

Her Old Enemy

Her words seemed given to her from God, and without any desire to condemn any. Although that happened nearly forty years ago, history records no outstanding, far-reaching revival since.

But to return to Elizabeth. Her old enemy, a passionate temper, was again her undoing. It soon became a choice to her of two alternatives, either to continue professing what she did not possess or to openly acknowledge herself a backslider. She accepted reluctantly the latter as the more honest position. But the Lord mercifully came to her



Suddenly Beth found herself in the water

help in an unexpected way.

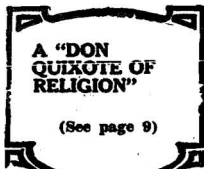
One quiet Summer evening, Mr. Adams with three of his girls started forth to go for a row. The railroad tracks skirted the bay and at one point, open culverts allowed the water to pass under the tracks and here it formed a small pond on the farther side. Elizabeth, who was following her father, did not observe the open culvert, so absorbed was she with the beauty of the bank. Suddenly she found herself in the water. Mr. Adams, hearing the splash, turned around to find Elizabeth missing and the horrible truth flashed upon him. Elizabeth's first sensation was the smothering effect of water in eyes, nose and mouth.

Her First Thought

She closed her eyes and mouth, then the thought which flashed into her mind was, "I'm not saved, I'm going to hell. I'm not saved." To her distressed mind no thought of hope or faith or prayer came. Then she felt a strong support under her arms, only to be released again. Once more she sank under the water. The second time she rose to the surface her father caught her and held her while the elder sister, lying flat on the track caught her hands and held her until the father, climbing to the surface again, pulled her out.

They put her to bed, piling blankets upon her to prevent a chill and gave her hot tea to drink. But when they at length left her she jumped out of bed and kneeling on the bare uncarpeted floor, thanked God for her deliverance from death and promised Him by His grace to be true to Him while life should last. Oh! if someone then had led her by faith to accept Him as her present Saviour from sin, this holy ambition might have been a realization. No change of heart was immediately apparent, but this further realization of her need of God was another step forward in her spiritual life.

(To be continued)



THE WAR CRY

HISTORIC EVENTS IN LONDON

(See page 5)

THE OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA EAST AND NEWFOUNDLAND

No. 2248. Price Five Cents.

TORONTO 2, AUGUST 3rd, 1929

WILLIAM MAXWELL, Commissioner.

PRINCE GEORGE OPENS NEW TRAINING COLLEGE

(Continued from page 5)

vision of his possibility, and right from the beginning worked with a will, overcoming opposition and difficulties, and we deeply regret he did not live to see the culmination of his hopes and aspiration. The last public act he did was to lay one of the memorial stones upon this building, and I want this afternoon—and I am sure you will join with me—to pay a tribute to his memory, a tribute to his skill, and a tribute to his foresight in carrying through so splendid a project as this."

A University of Humanity

Prince George, who was heartily acclaimed, noted that this was the fulfillment of the great Founder's dream to establish a University of Humanity, and predicted that it would add immensely to the effectiveness of The Army's training of young men and women for the same work as that to which he gave his life and genius. "May the spirit of the Founder so animate them that they will go out and repeat the exploits of the young working lad of Nottingham who became the benefactor of his fellow beings."

Tender feelings were again evoked as the Prince proceeded:

"Fresh in the minds of most of us is the recent passing of General Bramwell Booth. Both by the tireless assistance he rendered to The Army during the early years, and by the progress it made during the seventeen years of his own leadership, he will be remembered with gratitude so long as The Army exists."

His Royal Highness concluded: "I have now much pleasure in declaring that Training College open, and trust that out of the hard work, and, it may be, the severe test in lessons of unselfishness and the knowledge of life's darker side which will be the lot of many who pass through this Institution, will come good and the perpetuation of The Salvation Army—which is a worthy product of the British race."

Field-Marshal Viscount Allenby was also among the speakers.

Memorials Unveiled

On leaving the Assembly Hall the Prince, conducted by the General and accompanied by the Chief of the Staff, leading Officers, and many distinguished visitors, the College, made his way to the Men's Hospital where His Royal Highness made a brief inspection. In the finely-equipped Hydro, the next building to be visited, Prince George expressed his delight at all he saw, while the comfort and adequacy of the appointments of the House to which the General took him impressed the Royal visitor very favorably.

"Praise God from Whom all blessings flow," was sung by the throng as the Prince mounted the steps and took his place beneath the thick red cord attached to the wrappings which shrouded two bronze statues mounted on stone plinths on what will be the lawn under the trees. Following Commissioner Jeffries' prayer, and at the General's invitation, His Royal Highness tugged on the cord and the figures representing The Army Founder and The Army Mother were unveiled.

(Continued in column 4)

THE ARMY IN



THE POLICE COURT

Latest Stories From "The War Cry" Man's Note-Book

(Continued from column 1)

A MAN accused of safe-breaking appeared in Court recently. He had absolutely no work and was in extremely bad circumstances, and so when he was found not guilty, and the charge was withdrawn, he went out to face a cold and disinterested world. "No home, no work, no friends! His was certainly not a bright outlook."

There had been one man in Court, however—a good judge of human nature he was—who put two and two together and decided that the falsely accused one needed help. This man was The Army's Police Court Officer, and he took the derelict in tow. Food, clothing and shelter were provided for the surprised man, and then, after a day or so, steady employment was found for him. As a result he has received a new lease of life, and optimism has displaced the erstwhile pessimism. The latest report is to the effect that he is doing splendidly.

About eleven o'clock the other night the phone bell rang in the home of one of our Police Court Officers. The party at the other end of the line informed the Salvationist that he was Mr. X—, who had been soundly converted in a meeting held at the Toronto Jail Farm a few weeks ago. These services are a regular feature of our Prison and Police Court work, and have been instrumental in bringing scores of men to a saving knowledge of Christ.

The man in question has been granted parole by the Government in view of The Army's recommendation. "This is my first day out," he said excitedly over the wires, "and I've got a job already. The first thing I did upon my arrival home was to kneel down on the kitchen floor with my wife, and pray for her Salvation. I want to thank you Army people from the bottom of my heart for the help you have given me."

What an eloquent tribute to the unselfish labors of our devoted Officers who work often behind the scenes, was this glorious telephone testimony!

Young folk who run away from home usually forget the weary hours of worry and distress they are inflicting upon the loving parents.

Only the other day a girl appeared in Court and was remanded to The Army Officer, who immediately got

in touch with her mother. In reply the perplexed mother said: "I did not know where my daughter was, and had no idea she had gone to the city."

The mother sent the money for her daughter's return, and, having received the Court's permission, The Army Officer saw the girl to the train.

Our Police Court Officers never fail to grasp opportunities to point those who come under their wing to the great Sin-bearer. A few days ago a young girl got into trouble which necessitated her appearance in Court. The Army Officer rendered her assistance and also had a few personal chats with her. The other day a letter was received from her, in which she professed her acceptance of Christ. "I have proved that the Christ-life is the best life," she said.

Facing a charge of theft a young woman was haled before the Magistrate recently. The Army Officer interceded on her behalf and she was handed over to our care. She also wrote her benefactor after returning home, and said in part:

"I cannot forget what I have done, but time heals. I have been punished by my own conscience, so I did not get off so easily. It will never happen again. I have learnt my lesson. I hope to hear from you again."

Had she not found an interested friend and adviser in Court, in all probability she would have been sent to prison, and perhaps, through bad associations, would have been confirmed in the evil course she had chosen.

Problems of every sort confront our Police Court Officers day by day. Some would tax the wisdom of Solomon. Here is one case. A young man and young woman desired to marry, but the girl's mother furiously opposed it. She had no use for the prospective son-in-law. Finally matters came to a head, and the trio appeared in Court. The Judge heard the particulars, then turned to The Army Officer and said, "I want you to take these young people and get them married so that they can live happily ever after." What a task! But the Officer tackled the problem, and brought it to a successful denouement, to the evident satisfaction of all concerned.

As the Prince stepped down to his car, the General called for three cheers, and these, heartily given, speeded the royal visitor on his way. Beautiful for situation, the College, which stands on an eminence, is crowned by a noble tower which will rear its head, when finished, to a height of 180 feet, bringing it to the level of the cross on St. Paul's Cathedral. It can be seen from nearly every quarter of the Metropolis. May the sight of it lift the thoughts of every beholder to a higher conception of the possibilities of life, while at the same time giving some idea of how exalted a place the Founder of The Army holds in the affectionate remembrance of Salvationists all over the world.

A Distinguished Gathering

For the General, perhaps the most arduous half-hour was that preceding the arrival of His Royal Highness, when the reception of the invited guests took place in the spacious Women's Dining Hall.

Standing near the entrance, the General and Mrs. Higgins, with whom were the Chief of the Staff and Mrs. Mapp, and a number of the Commissioners, were able personally to greet the friends as they entered. As the ear caught the names of distinguished representatives of countries far and near, of great figures in the realm of art and politics, of the Imperial Forces, and of civic dignitaries, the world-interest in the day's ceremony seemed suddenly to be centered and gathered together in the spacious red-floored room.

The exclamations of appreciation of the stately buildings, with their beauty and dignity of color and line, towards which many of these friends had given large donations, were general. The pleasure of meeting The Army's Leaders for the first time was also expressed.

"THEY WERE NOT ALONE"

Toronto Minister Makes Reference to Army Founder

A minister, speaking recently in a Toronto Presbyterian Church, took as his subject the story of the three Hebrew boys, their heroic refusal to worship Nebuchadnezzar's idol and their supernatural deliverance from the fiery furnace when the form of a fourth, like the Son of God was seen.

In comparing them with heroes of a later date, such as Luther and Bunyan, who, rather than sacrifice their faith, stood alone, he mentioned William and Catherine Booth—"But," said he, "they were not alone when they made the momentous decision which took them from the church; there was a third walking in the midst of the fire, and they had no hurt. And the form of the Third was like the Son of God."

Interesting Bible Talks

SARNIA (Field-Major and Mrs. Wiseman). We have welcomed our new Officers, Field-Major and Mrs. Wiseman and their daughter, Vera. The Major's Bible talks are proving a great blessing to us. On Sunday night, July 14th, after the Major's address, we had the joy of seeing a seeker at the Mercy-seat.—May the

